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Smith versus Levy, by Ludwig Lewisohn, on page 752

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Somewhat Metaphysical

ANALOGIES are more interesting than convincing and yet, often, they apply that tiny prick to the imagination that may set the world of thought in a new order. If their bastards are fallacies, their legitimate offspring may be the makers of light.

Reading (somewhat confusedly) of the fields of electrical force which do not float, or emanate, but *are*, in a true relationship to movement and each other, we let the not too mathematical mind sink gratefully upon an analogy in that psychological world of which we who write of things that seem to be as if they were must prevailingly treat if we are to be intelligible, even to ourselves. For the mind, the consciousness, the psyche—call it what you will—which is the chief subject and only cause of imaginative endeavor, is in every instance itself surrounded by a field of potential energy, and one way of stating the problem of criticism is to ask whether the creative writer has kept a true relation between the mind he writes of and its field.

We move and have our being in the midst of sets of characteristic reactions to our environment and still more characteristic forces exerted by the mind upon that environment. Each age, each culture, each group, each individual has its surrounding field which is intrinsically a part of experience, though by no means necessarily in the consciousness itself. Prejudices belong here, preconceptions of all kinds, the subtle inter-weavings of the stuff of nature as nature seems at the moment with the stuff of consciousness. Here is to be found the response to the glow of setting suns as well as the homely smells, the noises of the day, the opinions of our time. Here, once, was the sweat of slaves, and now the stench of oil and gasoline; the consciousness of man's pettiness, or the consciousness of man's might; pity or cruelty; the sense of permanence on the soil, or the restlessness of a continual shifting onward propelled by machines.

* * *

Some of the great books are convincing because the "field" of the personality is there with all its implications as surely as in life: Homer certainly; Dickens (for the field may be symbolically, even humorously presented); Hardy surely; Hawthorne, whose rather uncanny power is due far more to his gentle control over auras than to any depth of character insight or skill in interpretive intuition. Milton could project the fields of stark, rebellious spirits, but in the later books of "Paradise Lost" fell into abstractions, which is to say into an isolation of character, as such, apart from its spiritual environment, and so declines into formal description and argument. His Satan was human because he was set in planes of experience and carried, even across chaos, his accompanying "fields" extending through attraction and repulsion into the blankness of space, yet never out of relation to his consciousness; his Christ was a theological concept, logical, but like a symbolic atom isolated in the universe. There is no such atom: there was no such Christ. In life, there is no abstraction, self-contained, intra-logical, and isolated; and there can be none in literature.

To descend from great things to small in the interests of clarity, all this may explain why, for example, the play, "The Age of Innocence," now being given in New York, is inferior to Mrs. Wharton's book. The essential drama is to be seen on the stage, the essential character types, but the "field" of that age of innocence in the 'seventies, so subtly plotted in by dots and curves in the novel, is by supposed theatric necessity left out. Hence a feeling of disappointment and unreality, a sense that the struggle of the Countess Olenska to reconcile her American ethics with desires that are European, but also very human, is one of those typical dramatic

(*Continued on page 753*)

On a Night of Snow

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

CAT, if you go outdoors you must walk in the snow.
You will come back with little white shoes on your feet,
Little white slippers of snow that have heels of sleet.
Stay by the fire, my Cat. Lie still, do not go.
See how the flames are leaping and hissing low,
I will bring you a saucer of milk like a marguerite,
So white and so smooth, so spherical and so sweet—
Stay with me, Cat. Out-doors the wild winds blow.

Out-doors the wild winds blow, Mistress, and dark is the night.
Strange voices cry in the trees, intoning strange lore,
And more than cats move, lit by our eyes' green light,
On silent feet where the meadow grasses hang hoar—
Mistress, there are portents abroad of magic and might,
And things that are yet to be done. Open the door!

This Week

"Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios."
Reviewed by FORD MADOX FORD.
"This Delicate Creature."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
"They Still Fall in Love."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.
"The Cradle of the Deep."
Reviewed by FREDERICK J. O'BRIEN.
"The True Heart."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.
"The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.
"Off the Deep End."
Reviewed by WILLIAM BOLITHO.
"Living in the Twentieth Century."
Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI.
"Sex and Youth."
Reviewed by MARGARET SANGER.
New Poems.
By EMILY DICKINSON.
A Reply to Mr. Simonds.
By JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Next Week

W. D. Howells: Last of the Mountaineers.
By O. W. FIRKINS.

Knight-Errants*

By FORD MADOX FORD

I can never walk along the Boulevard St. Michel without thinking of Villon. . . . I am not ashamed to confess myself a devotee of Dumas . . . I should certainly desire to help any artist of talent, but. . . . In real life it is often your men who are round like tubs that make themselves knight errants. . . . I was with several ladies. . . . Once I was chosen as arbiter in a quarrel between James Joyce and Ford Madox Ford. . . . I could not keep pace with Elizabeth Asquith (Princess Bibesco). . . . Life is particularly good when it is spent in this Cityful of Celebrities.

I WONDER why Mr. Huddleston did not add the words "cock-tails." Indeed, on reflection I am not sure that "A Cityful of Cocktails and Celebrities" would not more exactly as well as more alluringly have given the note of his voluminous and alarming volume. For the first words of his first chapter are to the effect that, for Mr. Huddleston, Paris is the city of the cocktail epoch whilst the last words of the book are those last-above quoted.

At any rate Mr. Huddleston presents us with innumerable—innumerable!—anecdotes; many old ones that it is refreshing to meet again and several new ones that are infinitely suggestive. With M. de Castellane he laments the disappearance of the cancan dancers and the frilled drawers of the Bal Tabarin; with Madame d'Uzès the disappearance of whatever it is that has disappeared from her hunt—and up to that point you might think that, with expanding waistcoat, he is the usual *laudator temporis acti* of the Third Empire. But he isn't—or he is that only sufficiently to satisfy the memoir-reader who has to be regaled with laments as to the days when people now snuffily going towards extinction in garrets did things of extreme insolence and great nastiness to the applause of unpleasant linkmen and hangers-on. Mr. Huddleston knows as well as I do that life in London or Paris—and in New York, too, for the matter of that—is a thing of infinitely greater amenities, light, and fine shades, than ever it was in the days when Yvette Guilbert—not to mention his and my selves—were as thin as eels; and when you could not go outside the dim inner ring of light of the inner boulevards at night without the most imminent of danger from very real and very unpleasant apaches. I don't know that I like the fact that all places of public entertainment, refreshment, and resort are now—in order to satisfy a supposed inner craving of visitors from a great sister republic—got up in a style of architecture modelled on the bathrooms of the great millionaires of Dayton, Ohio, or the public conveniences of Grand Central Station. But Mr. Huddleston knows as well as I do that the white-tile-illuminated manners of the night-clubs of Montmartre are as lambs-milk to wood alcohol compared with those that I am old enough and he nearly old enough to remember in those same haunts. At any rate if he had seen, as I have seen, the miserable wreck, Oscar Wilde, being tormented by brutes long ago, in those haunts of today, he would not have much doubt about it—and that is only one thing.

And indeed the only quarrel that I have with Mr. Huddleston amounts probably to the fact that he does not see Paris with my eyes. That of course is folly on my part, but, it not being my fortunate lot to "set down swift impressions in a high studio overlooking the hundred monuments of Paris,"

*Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1928. $5.

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but rather to write with the hesitation for which Mr. Huddleston expresses such high scorn ("All the greatest writers in the world have had, as it were, the rage, the carelessness, the vigor" . . . of correspondents of *The Christian Science Monitor* in short), it being my lot to write with hesitation and difficulty little niggling paragraphs in an attic commanding, on a level, the views of 116 chimney pots and the two towers of St. Sulpice—my lot not being to occupy the position of arbiter of the quarrels of celebrities, but to wait on the sidewalks whilst Mr. Huddleston in his gold-fringed, bicorne, gold-laced coat, with beside his satin shorts his heavily gilt duelling sword . . . (duels today truly are abolished —though, oh, wouldn't I give all I possess to fight one more—only one, before swiftly advancing age stiffen these once aggressive joints) . . . I then waiting hustled on the sidewalk beside the strip of red carpet whilst Mr. Huddleston in the Court Dress of his Journal and all those other illustrious ones trip up the steps of the Eldorado—and who is lighter of step and heart than our subject as, with his arm linked in that of President Poincaré, he whispers light suggestions for alterations in her latest poems into the arms of the attentive Madame la Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles (née, as I am glad to learn from Mr. Huddleston, Princess Anna de Brancovan), whilst from the steps above Colonel Lindbergh and Mistinguett with their gay laughter seek to draw him from the distractions of beauty and elder-statesmanship towards the beguilements of the sparkling cocktails that they wave on the perfumed air of the Ville Lumière's most victorious hostelry . . . The epoch of cocktails!

But I ought not try to write according to the prescriptions of Mr. Huddleston! Rage, carelessness, and vigor are not for me. I shall never get that sentence, meant to be in the style of Dumas, disentangled. So I had better let it be.

* * *

It should be borne in mind that in Paris Mr. Huddleston occupies a very singular position. If he were in England he would perhaps be a peer both temporal and spiritual. In Paris his "semi-public" —the phrase is his own—position as press-correspondent partakes of both qualities. I have often been struck by the pallid rigidity of prominent French and foreign functionaries of high grade whilst Mr. Huddleston interviews them. Presidents of Republics, of Municipal Councils, of Banks national and private, of Insurance Companies—it is all one; they stand before our hero as earlier victims must have stood before Torquemada or as schoolboys used to stand before Dr. Busby. And from their pallid lips issue the confessions of which this singular, this almost unprecedented volume are made up. You see, Mr. Huddleston represents *The Christian Science Monitor* which *we* know to be a sound, moderate, and singularly uninterfering paper. But to natives of this side it looks different. The United States is known to be a Christian Empire, it is also known to set great store by Science. So its *Monitor* is taken as being its State organ, fully representing such Torquemadas as presiding in secret over an autocratic Federal Council have behind them the Ku Klux Clan, the Fundamentalists, and the secret Societies of Chautauqua and Dayton, not Ohio. (The United States, you know, looks like that from Paris.)

That Mr. Huddleston presents physically none of the austerity that used to dignify the nuncios of the Holy Office when Rome was mysterious and all-powerful is regarded as merely a part of the diplomatic skill of a Washington that is more dangerous, jack-boot rattling, and profitable to propitiate than were ever Rome and Prussia united. Here, they say, is the spiritual representative of the mightiest and most minatory empire the world has ever seen. He stands before them, veiled by his office, jocund in appearance so that they may be put off their guards, but panther-like in his pounces if any attempt be made to deceive him. And rustling behind his awful shoulders they hear the white wings —or should it be the hoods?—of an organization which can murder and ruin at distances circling the globe. So all their secrets are open to him; he is at once acquainted with what young women they take out to supper; the public companies in which they have shares; how much they will take to vote for certain interests; their interest in the more "morbid" passages of Proust—there is nothing barred to his penetrating eye, closed to his singularly retentive ear, or concealed, in the event, from the public. At the same time his genial appearance, his seeming naivetés, his proneness to break into song and dance whilst recovering from the strains of too great pensiveness—as over Villon in a thoroughfare notoriously the haunt of thoughtless juniors—all these things make him a welcome visitor at the humbler hearth of the artistic colonies of Paris. Here such things are discussed before him as are reserved for the presence of friends, a certain shadow of the awfulness of Mr. Huddleston's position lending confidence; and again the world benefits from the disclosures of this true servant of the public. So we have this immense volume overflowing with what in anyone else would be indiscretions—overflowing to the very inner leaves of the jacket-papers and the tables of contents. The singular thing is that publishers like the staid firm who publish the work in the United States can have been found to do so. No doubt they were brought to the pitch by the consideration that, in their words, the work contains "many devastating revelations of manners and morals." Personally, observing that according to the publisher's flyleaf there seemed to be devastating revelations as to myself too, before reading the work I got a friend to go through it and gum together any pages on which she found references to myself, so that the only statement concerning myself that I have come across because that reader missed it, is the one to the effect that Mr. Huddleston was once chosen to act as arbiter in a quarrel between myself and Mr. Joyce. This causes me a great deal of grief because such a statement is unkillable. I can only say that there never was a quarrel between myself and Mr. Joyce and there never could be since, as "an old man mad about writing," I would cheerfully hold my head out for the shillelagh of such a matchless virtuoso of prose at any moment when he might be looking for a head to crack. And I might add that quite lately—certainly long after Mr. Huddleston's account of a quarrel was invented, written, and set up—Mr. Joyce rendered me one of the most intimate services that one man of my persuasion can render another, and that the minute before I sat down to read Mr. Huddleston's book I had just been paying as delicate and sincere a tribute to Mr. Joyce's writing as has ever been paid by me to any man . . . And I have paid some! So there can't have been much of a quarrel.

* * *

In short I am so lost in wonder at Mr. Huddleston's work that I hardly know from what angle to begin expressing my bewonderment. There is his courage! I have heard of Bad Men in the West holding up whole saloons with one small tube. But here is a man holding up a whole city with a fountain-pen. There is the money he must have made by his devastating revelations! It is like thinking of Monte Cristo! His book is priced at $5 and there is hardly an inhabitant of the United States who does not know Paris that will not purchase the work. Of course he will lose a great number of lunch and dinner engagements but what is that amongst so many! There are the singularly accurate accounts of public events in Mr. Huddleston's narrative. I have been present on several of the more humble of these occasions and was of course seated far from Mr. Huddleston. There was the press occasion—the tickets were purchasable —when the Prefect of Police and quite a naughty lady were present. Mr. Huddleston was certainly there. There was the momentous occasion of the meeting of Mr. Huddleston and M. André Gide in a booksellers' parlor. I distinctly saw Mr. Huddleston offer the author of "La Porte Etroite" a sandwich. . . .

Another thing extraordinarily to be wondered at is the singular—let us say, elasticity—of Mr. Huddleston's years. I have been loafingly familiar with the city of Mallarmé, Verlaine, and Alphonse Daudet for almost as many years as Mr. Huddleston numbers according to "Who's Who"; yet Mr. Huddleston seems to have resided in Paris almost more than the full tale of all my years, and whilst I was a boy of eighteen or so Mr. Huddleston seems to have been starring it with all the lustre of an adult correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* at the high tables with *ce pauvre Lélian, le Pauvre Théo*, or his daughter, with the authors of the "Tombeau de Wagner" and "De Profundis" . . . There in the full mauve of the 'nineties Mr. Huddleston sat at the high tables of the bistros and gargottes, sharing the glory of all those and of that other "poor" one—*ce Pauvre Oscar*. I, meanwhile, with other urchins, sat in the dim corners amongst the poorer, unknown students and prostitutes, wondering at—oh, almost adoring!—the great ones at their distant feasts . . . Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Wilde. . . . Once even Mistral, the Félibristes, some of them, and Gounod—and of course Mr. Huddleston himself. . . . And I would creep home to my utterly Godfearing and respectable Paris-American family and be properly cross-questioned in the morning.

* * *

Now I am not—God forbid that I should be—attempting to swap anecdotes with Mr. Huddleston. I am only expressing my wonder that he should find Paris—real Paris which lies outside the American or the Ritz bars—so changed from the Paris that he knew so well in the 'nineties. For the thing that makes one so intensely love Paris is precisely its immutability, the profuseness of its unaltering mementos. It is no use telling me that the cocktail an the black-bottom disinguish the Paris-America home of today any more than Mr. Huddleston's an the Comte Boni de Castellane's lamented can-can or the Tarara Boomdeay dance and absinthe distinguished those same homes in the 'nineties. And, if you want the truth of it, if you compare the absinthe-sodden wretches that formed the fringe of Mr. Huddleston's friends with even the cocktail-canned tourist of today, it is, I am tempted to say, Mustard-Blossom to Caliban. The disappearance of absinthe alone has made a difference such as no material alteration in the direction of sanitary tiles and contraptions has distantly approached. But Paris can still arouse a passion of affection for its unchangeability. If the titular aristocracy and the intellectual, if the Paris-American and the English Colony, if the Catherinettes and the *petite bourgeoisie*, were not much the same as they were at the beginning of my consciousness of this scene—or even at the beginning of Mr. Huddleston's longer and how much deeper acquaintance—or if they were not all very much the same as they were generations ago, or if the spirit of the professor with whom I used to take tea in these apartments did not brood over them precisely as he brooded thirty-seven years ago when I used to take tea with him on a Sunday, I should not now be sitting in Paris. But it is the fact that the rooms are unchanged—and it is the fact the chimney pots on my level communicate with rooms that were once inhabited by Marie de Medicis, by Fenélon, by la Fontaine, by Voltaire, not to mention Ponson du Terrail and Mr. Ernest Hemingway —it is those facts that make me—and how many others—sit in rooms like these and work out the arts of the future. You cannot glance aside anywhere here and not have suggested to you something august, something splendid, or some immortal irony or undying sarcasm.

* * *

It is perhaps because, being a devotee of Dumas and M. Breaud, that Mr. Huddleston is so avid of discoveries of changes. Indeed my last great wonder but one attaching to this work is that, disliking the art that Paris produces, he should have stayed here for so many decades. He will quote you page and page of Jean Jacques Brousson on France and page after page of Léon Pierre Quint on Proust. anecdote after anecdote from this book or that journal about this or that considerable artist—and though the general effect of all these quotations is to give a certain prominence to the subject of the moment, the final comment of Mr. Huddleston himself is always one of contempt or dislike, a repetition of his pæan to the prolific vitality of the journalist, or of his praise of the journalist—to be sure ever so amiable and able—who wrote of the sorrows of the obese. He arrives, as any opponent of work in Paris today would arrive, at the conclusion that "the current of modern art is back towards sanity."

Those words he quotes with approval from Sir Augustus John and with an equal zest he quotes Mr. Nevinson's eulogy of the art-world of London as set over against the art-world of Paris. And there is a splendid scene in which, after having treated Gertrude Stein with humor—"once I gave a reading of Gertrude Stein to a party of Friends. There was much merriment,"—and after pointing out that Mr. Wells calls "The Genius" of Mr. Dreiser a "dull piece of ineptitude"—though what Mr. Wells and Mr. Dreiser have to do with Paris only Mr. Huddleston knows!—and having given almost every worker in Paris—including I daresay myself—bloody noses and cracked crowns—there is a splendid passage in which Mr. Huddleston suggests how he struggles out from the herd of us lesser lights to commune with Mr. Galsworthy who has been communing with himself. And Mr. Galsworthy reveals to Mr. Huddleston that he has been

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thinking that the English novel will return shortly to its own old traditions of sound workmanship—though whether Mr. Huddleston intends one to gather that that is Satan reproving sin or St. Augustine flailing . . . oh, say me . . . I don't know. But anyhow why drag in poor Mr. Galsworthy into a book on Paris? Mr. Galsworthy at least never meant to hurt anyone's feelings. . . .

Now there is no reason why anyone should not dislike modern tendencies or Paul Valéry or Proust or confess himself a devotee of Dumas or find it difficult to keep up with Princess Bibesco (née Asquith) or any other of the several Princesses Bibesco—for keeping up with a Princess Bibesco might well be a symbol of the Compleat Parisian. And there is no reason at all why any man should not have the literary and artistic tastes of, say, Gissing's Town Traveler. The only curious thing is that, if you should have those tastes, you should frequent districts and penetrate gimlet-like into the intimacies of circles whose tastes must be anathema to you. Why should he seek out regions of a great city where he *can* only find persons or subjects of conversation that are distasteful? He finds, for instance, that the Montparnasse district is a place distinguished by continuous and vulgar quarrels. I will cede priority or universality of knowledge of any district of Paris except that just north of the Luxemburg Gardens to Mr. Huddleston. But I say deliberately that, artistic feuds being a characteristic of all artistic congeries, Montparnasse is infinitely less quarrelsome than any other similar aggregation—much less quarrelsome than Greenwich Village or Chelsea, N. Y., and infinitely, infinitely less quarrelsome than Bloomsbury W.C. or Chelsea S.W. I have never, I think, quarrelled with any man in Paris and I know hundreds of other serious artists of whom the same could be said. And I will add this, that if there is any region in the world where the artist will find—particularly young artists—sympathy, assistance, and very beautiful fellowship to a higher degree than in these gray and venerable slopes I would be thankful indeed to go there—and die!

* * *

But a singularly startling thought has struck me whilst thinking out what I have above written. I read just after beginning this article which has cost me over a week to write—I read in a periodical a little article about events in a French village that was as charming, as sensitive, and as wise as Mr. Huddleston is when he talks of public affairs. And it was by Mr. Huddleston. In Mr. Huddleston's more portentous works are the punctuation, the grammar, the *cliché* phrases, and all the other signs of rage, carelessness, and vigor that Mr. Huddleston applauds. And that is confusing and in the end dulls the reading. But, in spite of that, suppose—only suppose that Providence really intended Mr. Huddleston—and the really beautiful little chronicle of village events that I have just mentioned almost gives one that impression—*really* intended our subject to be, not a great ranting, roaring writer of scandalous chronicles in a great city, but the minute, attentive, and even loving chronicler of a little village lost somewhere in the heart of the country! We so seldom do what Providence intends us to do. Only think that, if it had not been for the late Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Huddleston might have over a decade ago had the mill that we now understand him to possess. And from there what "Lettres de Mon Moulin" he might not have written; what "Chèvres de Monsieur Seguin—qui," like the rest of poor us, *se battégué touto la nieui émé lo lou—et puis le matin le loup l'a mangée.* Oh, poor us of the mountain in whose ears sounds, if intermittently, the "Hou! Hou!" of the great beast and who never really like to look over our shoulders for fear of seeing its sardonic eyes and the scarlet tongue incessantly passing itself over its tinder-colored dewlaps!

That too—that one sound of Paris that he has never heard—Mr. Huddleston might be privileged to hear if instead of pretending to the airs of a journalistic cross between Paul Pry and an ourang-outang beating the scarlet hair of its chest and roaring defiance to Montparnasse, the arts, the world, you, me, and the bedpost, he suddenly found himself transformed into a chiseller of cherry stones, a Mallarmé indeed and even, if you like . . . pardoned in Heaven the first by the throne between Aramis, d'Artagnan, and. . . . Or no, filling the trunkhose of Porthos! At any rate that is a very beautiful little article.

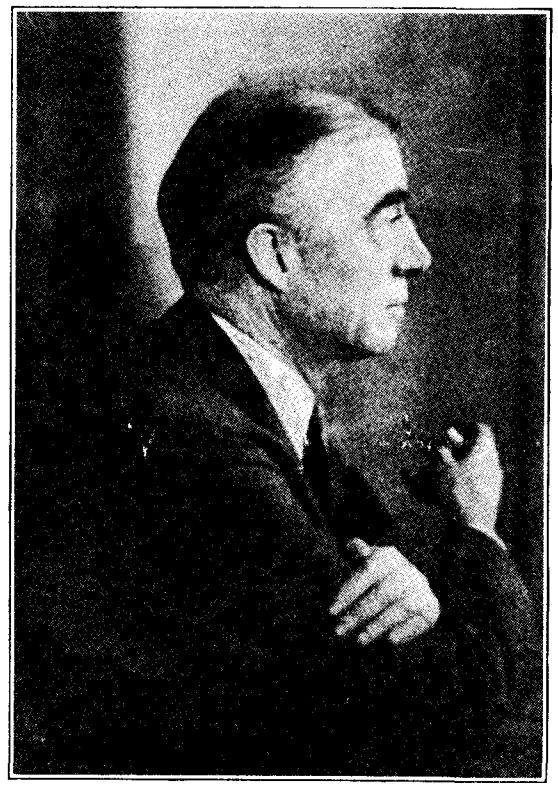
Phantasmagoria

THIS DELICATE CREATURE. By Con O'Leary. New York: Elliot Holt. 1929.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

JUST what is the meaning of the present-day revival of the fantastic? Is it merely a phase of the general attitude engendered by the Great War, which so far surpassed all the naturalists in its presentation of brutal and ironic fact as to make further literary endeavors in that direction superfluous? Or, as Francis Grierson and James Branch Cabell were never tired of asserting long before, was "realism" already doomed by its inherent insufficiency? Whatever the explanation, the trend of the hour is clear. Wafted from Germany in the work of Werfel or Gustav Meyrink, and from France in the slighter achievement of the surréaliste school, and appearing equally in the writings of such diverse authors as Cabell, Joyce, and Wyndham Lewis, the fantastic has come bounding back into favor. While the rear-guard of readers, twenty years behind the times, has been according Theodore Dreiser its belated welcome, the advance guard has been off after Elinor Wylie, with her "Venetian Glass Nephew," or Virginia Woolf, with her "Orlando," into pastures new—and pleasanter.

Connected with this freer play of the imagination, however—though not in the work of the two



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

writers just mentioned—is a frequent ominous undercurrent of the horrible and the disgusting. Increasingly evident in Cabell, omnipresent in Joyce and Lewis, this links up disquietingly with the renewed popularity of detective stories and even with the despised tabloids—scorned but snatched, one observes, as avidly by the intellectual as by the "low-brow." A school of horror is disquieting because its significance is ambiguous; it is equally likely to indicate the beginning or the end of a period. Elizabethan tragedy rounded its course from Marlowe to Middleton, English Romanticism from Walpole to Beddoes, American Romanticism from Brockden Brown to Poe. Thus, if one is a Spenglerian, he may regard the current delight in fantasy and horror as an evidence of approaching chaos; if he is a good American, he may shout, for the hundredth time, that we are on the eve of a great literature. Without venturing upon either of these prophecies, it is sufficient here to indicate the fact that today writers of promise such as the authors of "Ariadne," "Ryder," and "This Delicate Creature" are entering literature not by the doors of realism but by the doors of fantasy.

It is as a writer of promise and as an index of tendencies that Con O'Leary, the author of "This Delicate Creature," is of interest, rather than through the actual achievement of his novel. The opening paragraph makes one think mistakenly that he knows exactly what kind of book he is reading. "Boda nestled in Freddy Norlott's arms. Her husband was downstairs." According to temperament and age the reader smacks his lips or stifles a yawn, and proceeds along the same corridor for fifty pages. Then the scene suddenly shifts, the air sharpens, and the author's real purport appears.

His heroine, Boda Coakley, the beautiful and high-spirited daughter of an impoverished Irish nobleman, has married, for his money, a rather stupid English peer twice her age; has remorselessly betrayed him for a slightly less stupid young Oxford Blue; and is leading, without qualm of conscience, the frivolous and empty life of her aristocratic set. She, of course, patronizes celebrities, and from one of them, an East Indian explorer, she obtains a marvelous drug, Nirvabogœa, which has the property of causing one to become all those, human or animal, whom he has ever injured. Eager for thrills at any price, she takes the drug.

There follows a vision of no less than seventeen injured lives. Boda is ridden as a race horse, is tossed as a mouse, is torn to pieces as a hare, is shot down as a pheasant, is run to earth as a fox; since she has rejoiced to wear furs, her own skin is stripped off by the animals of the jungle; as the young soldier whom her recruiting kiss persuaded into the war, she goes through the horror of battle into madness; as the wife of one of her Irish tenants she suffers eviction and starvation; she is a chorus girl, a prostitute, a beggar; she is her own husband and endures all his torments of jealousy. The other characters of the story reappear in these various lives, usually in the rôle of avengers. Small wonder that when Boda comes out from under the influence of the drug she is a changed lady. Sobered by her experiences, she returns to her husband's arms and consents to give him a longed-for heir; the erstwhile flapper is become a domestic soul, and salvation lies before her.

The dangers as well as the opportunities of such a plot are manifest. It takes the artistry of a Virginia Woolf to move serenely through a phantasmagoria. With Mr. O'Leary the result is too often mere confusion. There are altogether too many Henries in the field. The lives follow one another in rather hit-or-miss fashion, with little consecutive reinforcement. Granted that Nirvabogœa is a strange drug, since it is at heart so highly moral a drug one is surely justified in asking that it be also a logical drug. One could wish, too, that its morality were of a somewhat profounder character. Nevertheless, if the book tends to become a series of episodes, these episodes are, many of them, remarkably well done; if the author's generous sentiment toward our brute relatives occasionally leads him into absurdity, one may still be grateful for the generosity; and if the central thought be hardly deeper than that of "The Prince and the Pauper," it is at least a thought. Mr. O'Leary's attempt to present the fanciful, the sensational, and the horrible, in the service of an abstract idea is of distinct significance and interest.

The Younger Generation

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

HERE is a hilarious story of the ways of Nature with two modern young people—the rich and disillusioned Miss Mounteagle and the proud and single-minded Mr. Cope. If the end can be foreseen from the beginning—it is indeed betrayed by the title—you will not forsee so readily Mr. Williams's devious ways to that end; for he crams into this amorous history a tremendous amount of behavioristic reporting. Mr. André Maurois lately sounded a mournful requiem over the passing of romantic love, perhaps the most remarkably forceful engine that human ingenuity ever devised; love today, he concluded, has become a sort of sensual friendship. In the case the history of which Mr. Williams reports, there was more sensuality than friendship, but if the emotion which eventually possesses his hero and heroine is not romantic love, it is something that has the same appearance and produces the same effect.

But the story, after all, is largely a vehicle for the opinions of one of the wittiest members of the younger generation of 1897 on the various younger generations that have paraded in review since the war. Mr. Williams seems to think that the most recent of them are going back with the pendulum—back to long hair, chastity, and a certain amount of earnestness. Instances to the contrary he sets down as Nature's imitation of Art, the tendency of

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boys and girls of twenty to pattern themselves on the characters in novels written by men and women of thirty and upward.

However this may be, Mr. Williams, conceding much virtue to the emancipated young people, none the less makes a most persuasive argument for certain other virtues that have lately been neglected. Craftily, he embodied the older generation in Mr. Harry Mounteagle; readers whose impulse to identify themselves with the protagonist might be impeded by his intellectual interests, will be mollified by the fact that he has three hundred million dollars. This opens the way for some amusing comment on the relation of the recently rich, the moderately rich, or the merely rich to the overwhelmingly rich, as well as the relation of money to science. Both scientists and millionaires might read this with profit.

The essence of Mr. Williams's argument is put into an address by Mr. Mounteagle to his daughter's guests:

> The trouble with you kids is that you are so pitifully ignorant of the two things that interest you—love and liquor. No wonder modern youth is so unhappy; you're out for a good time in life and you don't know the technic. You think all you have to do is to let yourself go and not give a damn. But you have to give a damn. The sybaritic enjoyment of life is an art.

By way of illustration Mr. Williams describes the reaction of an elderly scientist to an admirable old vintage Madeira. Here are three pages that all young people who have learned to drink since prohibition ought to read. Or perhaps, on second thought, they had better not; the nobler spirits among them would become incurably dissatisfied with a purged republic in which real Madeira will never be seen again.

Mr. Williams appreciates vintage liquor and vintage conduct. The Constitution has deprived us of the one; the war, or something, has for a time cast the other into disrepute. But he seems to hope that our behavior need not always resemble the raw whisky and synthetic gin which induces so much of it.

A Sentimental Journey

THE TRUE HEART. By SILVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

WITH artful artlessness "The True Heart" recounts the odyssey of a girl Perceval, the sentimental journey of immaculate innocency in a sophisticated world. Behind the telling one detects a wide-eyed ingenuousness crinkled with irony, as if the smile of Mona Lisa had invaded the lips of a pre-Raphaelite madonna. Indeed it is precisely this nameless and unusual combination of imp and cherub, of humor and a lyric tenderness, that makes the story so delectable.

In "Lolly Willowes" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," the imp was uppermost. In "The True Heart," the goodness and simplicity of the little heroine are so disarming that for pages at a time no limb of Satan tweaks the author's pen. Whether tweaked or not, however, that pen writes on precisely and melodiously, choosing its words with such careful consideration for appositeness of meaning and sound that the book will give uninterrupted pleasure to all lovers of beautiful English prose.

When Sukey Bond left the Warburton Memorial Female Orphanage to make her own way in the world she was barely sixteen, but she carried off with her five prizes for virtues that ranged all the way from good conduct to excellence in clear starching. The Orphanage had given her a great respect for anything that would take a good polish, and her own sweet nature made her pathetically ready to believe the best of everyone she met. Thus, faith, humility, and ignorance were her shields against whatever lay in wait for her. Through a kind patroness of the Orphanage she obtained a place as servant on a remote farm, and there she met young Eric Seaborn who "loved all helpless things, all wild things, all harmless and thoughtless things, for he was himself wild and harmless, thoughtless and helpless." Eric loved Sukey, too, and she at once took the gentle, half-witted lad to her heart, treasuring him with all the devotion of her faith and ignorance.

* * *

There were those about her, however, who had less trust and more knowledge. Sukey, without quite understanding why, lost her Eric, and thereupon left the farm with no other thought in her head than to recover him. Then began her real adventures, adventures that brought her—always wondering and obedient and untouchable—into contact with many people wholly unlike herself: first with a proud and lovely lady who remained uncaptivated by the notion (this was part of a fairy tale that Sukey had made up) that she might become the grandmother of a servant girl's child; then, with a hairy, unshaven tramp who left Sukey none the worse for a swig from his bottle and a night at his side in a hay-loft; then, with Mrs. Oxey, the kind, spacious, bejewelled woman who reminded Sukey of a Bishop and who gave the girl a safe welcome even after she had discovered that Sukey didn't know a disorderly house when she saw one (Sukey was too polite to mention that she had noticed the steps needed washing); eventually, with Queen Victoria herself, the Queen who was "majestic and dumpy, but superbly dumpy, sitting there bolt upright with her crown on, dwarfing and mothering everything," the Queen who sighed when Sukey mentioned widowhood, and sighed even more profoundly when Sukey mentioned a son who was not a great comfort to his mother.

It will have been noted that this tale, like its hero, young Eric, has "an air of being only lightly tethered to reality." For all that, little Sukey is as plausible in her way as her more realistic predecessors—from Clarissa Harlowe to Elsie of "Riceyman Steps"—are in theirs, and Sukey's way is by far the more beguiling. It will be remembered—and in reading "The True Heart" it cannot be forgotten—that Miss Warner is a poet. Her reality is compounded of seeing, feeling, fancy, and wit.

A Sailor Lass

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. By JOAN LOWELL. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. $2.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK O'BRIEN

JOAN LOWELL'S book is unusual because it is the autobiographical tale of a female American sailor, a merry, pretty, calloused girl of the California of the last generation. Except for a few historical gynanders of horny hands whose obsessions for salt water have been related, American sailors are exclusively male, and Joan was not of the *tertium quid* sort. She was made a sailor by the harsh tactics of her Turk of a father, and long isolation on the deck of a rude windjammer.

A dark man in his fifties brought her, wrapped in a blanket, aboard the four-masted schooner, *Minnie A. Caine*, in San Francisco harbor. He had the sailmaker fashion him a tiny canvas hammock which he hung from the roof of his own bunk in the captain's cabin. Joan was then eleven months old. She grew up aboard the schooner, and until she was seventeen years of age knew only the ocean as her element, the wind as her god, and her hell-roaring Old Man as her boss.

At seventeen she swam naked to the Australian shore from the burning vessel, with the dark Old Man, and some of the crew. Her father was seventy, a shipless mariner, perforce now a landsman. Joan took to wearing a dress, and the story ends. Her own, and her Old Man's sea days were over.

Her Old Man had a reason in his shellbacked soul for shanghaiing the babe of eleven months. Latest of eleven of his get, all bred in making of his home port every one or two or five years, Joan had lost four brothers and sisters within two years. The Old Man, dismayed at these blows of fate during his absence, said:

> This is the last one and'm going to save it. I'll take it away from the land and let the sea make it the pick of the puppies.

He knew no other salvation. Son of a Slav-Turk pair, deserted, reared in an asylum until he ran away at ten, he had been at sea since. He was a hard, dutiful, blustering, ignorant tyrant. For sixteen years, from puling infancy to tarry pucelage, Joan sailed with him on the *Minnie A. Caine* all about the Pacific Ocean, hunting trade and cargo in ports and off reefs from Australasia to the Marshalls.

> Rotting copra, putrid pearl oysters, sandalwood and guano, island produce and American lumber, oakum, tar, hempen ropes, tropic breezes and Alaska gales; they were her perfumes from babyhood to husky womanhood.

Her first tub was a codfish keg. She learned to swim in an old-sail tank on the deck. And she learned to float in it.

> "Throw your head back and puff your stomach up until you can see your belly button," ordered the Old Man.

Finally, in Newcastle harbor where several of the crew swam about the anchor chain, he threw her from the bow fifteen feet into deep water. She swam.

With rough cotton or rougher wool, salt encrusted, next to her tough, young skin, with old flour sacks for her nightgown,—sometimes mottoed, "Pure as the Drifted Snow,"—with sailors' smutty chanteys for bedtime stories, salt beef, dried fish, lentils, and rice for her diet, the deck her playground, and the lofty masts her gymnasium, Joan lived boyishly, joyously, and dangerously through infancy and childhood into an early and bewildered puberty, among men only.

The Cradle of the Deep rocks to the swish of the Old Man's lash. He swung it early and late upon his daughter as he did his mighty fists upon his male crew. John Henry, a sailor, defended Joan's "awful" surroundings to an American consul's lady in an Australian port:

> "Awful, hell!" snorted John Henry. "She ain't no damn fool like most women. Her Old Man uses a rope's end on her stern often enough to keep the foolishness outen her head."

The Old Man was a hellion for temper, and Joan his match in pranks. Once, after days of deadly heat, bare sips of wiggly water, mutiny, and despair, the men rejoiced in a shower. They set empty kegs to catch the run-off water from the upper deck. Joan stripped, greased her body with the galley soap of pork-drippings and lye, and danced in the rain on the upper deck, sending her scalding suds into the drinking supplies on the main deck. The men roared at her; the Old Man seized her:

> "What the hell's the big idea?" he yelled, so enraged with me he was pale.
> "It feels so goddamned good to get cool in the fresh rain," I answered.

The Old Man washed her mouth out with the fearful soap.

She tells a hundred incidents of her wild spirit, and her father's punishments. Besides there are tragedies, sudden deaths, mutiny, perversion, shipwrecks, and a lorn love affair. The curses, oaths, and rude language of labor in stress on land or sea are printed out, but they are mere red streaks in the fat meat of sentimentality that makes the body of the tale.

Joan Lowell, like all lasses raised where he-men abound,—aboard ship, in Alaska, among the rarin' cowboys, or the bearded miners, handles sex as she feels it,—sentimentally. Yet an episode of a sailor who was tortured by her curves, and who fled the ship in fear, is told realistically.

The yarn is coarse, strong, and well-knitted. It suffers from retrospect, and an idealization of her remarkable Old Man.

There has been incorporated in Baltimore a publishing house, of which H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, famous biologist and son of the more famous biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley, and George H. Doran, New York publisher, are the guiding spirits.

The company, the charter states, was incorporated "to conduct, manage and carry on in the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada the general business of manufacturing, electrotyping, printing, lithographing, engraving, binding, publishing, buying, selling, exchanging, distributing, leasing, mortgaging, or otherwise dealing in a book to be known by the title of "The Science of Life" or other title and to be written by Herbert George Wells, Julian Huxley, and George Philip Wells, or by said persons and others."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Tolstoy and His Wife

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. 1860-1891. Translated from the Russian by ALEXANDER WERTH. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1929.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S diary is an extraordinary human document, embodying the good and lower emotions of a cultivated, high-strung woman. In it are expressed the writer's deep and lasting love for her husband; her constant effort to conquer her temper; her struggle against an inferiority complex; her sustained endeavor to achieve complete communion and companionship with her genius husband, and the numerous and continual hardships arising from the fact that she was the female of the species. The book is one more illustration of the ever present disparity between aspiration and achievement. And to nearly every woman "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife," covering thirty years of her married life, will convey something personal.

In the real meaning of the term it is hardly a diary, for it is a document with a purpose. Countess Tolstoy had recourse to her diary only in moments of emotional stress, when she had need of discharging her anger, or to release her depression arising from her dissatisfaction with her husband. In addition she seems to have made use of her diary to express her apologies to her husband, or to record his misdemeanors. The Tolstoys were in the habit of reading each other's diaries. Consequently the notations were not merely the expression of their reactions to one another, or the jotting down of facts about their personal relations. Their diaries also embodied indictments, bills of particulars, pleadings—and articles of peace. It happened that Tolstoy, after reading his wife's diary would, then and there, jot down an apology. In such mood he once wrote in his wife's diary assuring her that there was a good man in him who sometimes falls asleep. Then according to his wife he immediately got into a temper and struck out his repentance.

To this self-conscious attitude in both diaries can be ascribed the exaggerated, and very often, the melodramatic accounts of their marital unhappiness. It explains the extravagant entries wherein death is invoked by both husband and wife as the solvent for the most commonplace differences. In their diaries the Tolstoys were not striving to be accurate. All they wished was to impress one another. Whether they achieved this objective is not known. But because of their habitual overstatement, they have certainly succeeded in conveying a most erroneous notion of their domestic infelicity. Mme. Kusminskaia, who was Countess Tolstoy's youngest sister and the original of the heroine of "War and Peace," in her fascinating reminiscences, recently published in Russia, draws a much happier picture of the Tolstoy household at Yasnaya Polanya. It is only too obvious that Mme. Kusminskaia's is the more objective and, therefore, the more accurate appraisal.

* * *

However, it is an undeniable fact that there was struggle and clash in the Tolstoy household. But according to the unintentional revelations of Countess Tolstoy the causes of discord were not at all what they have been generally assumed to be. The incompatibility between Tolstoy and his wife cannot be mainly ascribed to their different views on property, or "the simple life," or, as many believe, to Countess Tolstoy's class-consciouness. These factors only appeared in the later years of their life and did not become acute until the very end. For the greater part of his life Tolstoy was as conventional and class-conscious as his wife. He wanted money and entered upon several business enterprises in order to secure it. It is true that soon after his marriage he began to flirt with the "simple life." But his own diversions and interests were far from simple,—until he was past sixty, when most of them became inaccessible in the nature of things. He took great pleasure in the piano, which he played well. At fifty he began to study Greek. His love for agriculture was heavily seasoned with joy in hunting, horseback riding, skating, dancing, and cards. All these diversions are not precisely of the peasant type, and his wife was able to share them with him, and did. For a long time it was with his quest for the simple life and true religion very much as with his vegetarianism. One day he would subsist on vegetables and the next indulge in rich food. The heart of their difficulties as revealed in Countess Tolstoy's diary was infinitely more personal and intimate. Essentially it was Tolstoy's frivolous past as recorded in his diary prior to his marriage.

Tolstoy was thirty-four when he married the eighteen-year-old Sophie Behrs after a courtship of six weeks. Just before the wedding he asked her to read the diary of his bachelor life. She did, and was appalled and repelled by the "filth" she found therein. Curiously enough, Tolstoy did not expect this reaction. He had the romantic notion that this past which he had come to hate should have intensified his fiancée's love for him because of the pain its memory caused him. Her unexpected reaction, he told her, was proof that she did not love him. On their way from Moscow to Yasnaya Polanya, immediately after their wedding, Tolstoy sulked in one corner of the carriage and the young bride, completely miserable and fearing his approach, in another corner. Two weeks after their marriage Countess Tolstoy wrote in her diary: "The *whole* of my husband's past is so dreadful that I don't think I will ever be able to accept it." In this situation Tolstoy does not inspire much sympathy. His protestations of remorse for his past are not convincing. From the frequency of his affairs it would appear that he was bent upon punishing himself excessively. The last affair before his marriage, with a peasant woman at Yasnaya Polanya, inspired him to write in his diary: "Never so much in love before." The second day after his marriage he wrote: "Incredible happiness! I cannot believe that this can last as long as life." The two entries could not have made pleasant reading for the young wife.

* * *

Whatever may have been Tolstoy's true reaction to his "debauched" past, that past unquestionably injected a poison into his relations with his wife which persisted till the very end. It destroyed her faith in him, and gave birth to jealousy and periodic outbursts of aversion. Her diary is replete with remarks about his past and her unhappiness as a result of it. And because Tolstoy was a novelist as well as a diarist she was doubly unable to escape. She was reliving his past continually, either in his novels or in his diary which she would copy for him. Twenty-nine years after her marriage, in the last but two entries in her diary, she writes: "There is such an obvious thread connecting the early diaries (Tolstoy's) with The Kreutzer Sonata." The continual presence of so powerful an irritant required but little additional straining to make a quarrel.

This additional something was very often supplied by Tolstoy, and again had a connection with his past. While creating his novels he relived his past experiences, and the reminder of his own amatory adventures made him insanely jealous. His jealousy inspired the most violent outbursts. Mme. Kusminskaia notes one incident in her diary. A gentleman, who was a friend of the family, came to spend several days with the Tolstoys and arrived in time for tea. While Countess Tolstoy poured, the new arrival tried to make himself useful by passing her the cups. This courteous gesture aroused a tempest of jealousy in Tolstoy. He jumped up from the table, ordered his friend's horses to be harnessed, and asked him to leave immediately. It is not unlikely that Countess Tolstoy's numerous pregnancies and her husband's insistence, often against the doctor's instructions, that she should nurse her children, were suggested by his jealousy. The worldly Tolstoy may have meant his "fascinating" wife to be too busy for romance. The pacifist, humanitarian Tolstoy, who later rejected private ownership in goods, was not averse to owning his wife. He accepted her services as copyist and nurse so long as he needed them. There were in him two Tolstoys, the supreme genius and the man. His wife's, and, for that matter, his own, joy in the genius was sadly disturbed by the biological Tolstoy.

Under the conditions of the John C. Green Income Fund the American Sunday-School Union is seeking by the prize contest method to secure manuscripts for two books on popular religious themes. They offer a prize of $2,000 for a manuscript on "Religion in Education," and another prize of $2,000 for a manuscript on "The Heroic Appeal of Christianity to Young People." The contests close March 1, 1930. The Editorial Department, American Sunday-School Union, 1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will furnish full particulars on request.

Inward Ho!

OFF THE DEEP END. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BOLITHO

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY is one of the few manifest candidates for reprinting a hundred years hence, so even a brief treatment of one of his books must not be perfunctory. This volume is a generous selection from his production for the last two or three years. The backbone is made up of travel pieces, the longest of which leads off and gives the title. A yacht trip. Further on are various European impressions: Oxfordshire, Geneva, French trains. Several literary judgments; that on the poet, Thomas Hardy, certainly the best. A dazzling variety of occasional pieces in, but emerging from, his well-known bookish vein. There are also two or three dialogues or masques, which I will not touch on, because I do not like them.

In any serious thinking about this man, there is that mingling of admiration and uneasiness with which those who have standards settle upon writings that matter. This is not a preface to a sneaking damnation. Morley writes better than Belloc, Aldous Huxley; incomparably better than the Lynds, Squires, and so forth who farm the same country. He is at least the equal as a stylist, a wit, of Logan Pearsall Smith. Yet I do not feel any uneasiness about the work of these people. I know what they are, and where they get off. I have the gravest and most exciting doubts about Morley.

I mentioned the admiration first. Who is another living writer that can end the essay on C. E. Montague (it is also the colophon) with a sentence such as this?

> But remembering the Montagues, we can afford to forget, even feel just a little sorry for the Capulets.

Morley says that; it is probable that he would also make the mistake of saying that C. E. M. could have done better. It is a good spot to place an accusation against Morley for a certain weakness of literary judgment. All the best critics have had one, Sainte-Beuve himself, we have just learned from "Mes Poisons," was full of them. It is characteristic that they were all repressed under-estimations, whereas Morley's are all faults of generosity. The perfect critic, like a perfect dog, is very largely a matter of taste and prejudice. But no dog, in the common opinion of mankind, must be unfenced in his affections. I think he overestimates several of his favorites, for reasons of the heart; but, then again, perhaps it is precisely this reason why his essays on Stella Benson, and Montague, and the rest are the least resistible.

* * *

Where Morley does not have anything but a book in front of him his judgment is both sure and frequently brilliant, of an independence (read that excellent paragraph on Kipling on page 293) that is not only of persons but of intellectual fashions. Morley comes nearest to the truth of any of hundreds of people who have discussed Hardy's poetry, which the old man himself could never get his generation to listen to from his own lips, when he holds that he is a first-rate poet, and only a novelist in a class behind. If you suspect I say that simply because our opinions coincide, read this:

> Hardy ran the scale of all observations from the starry nebula to the country girl's garters, but even in writing of Shelley's Skylark he remembered the actual pinch of fragile dust that it now may be. I think he never forgot of what sweet craving earth we are put together.

After all, literary criticism is only a *violon d'Ingres* to Morley, even though it resounds sometimes like a Stradivarius. For the pleasure in getting to the main stratum, the mother vein, I skip the enticing discussion of his travel pieces, even of his "reveries and reminiscences," those little *genre* pieces in which I do not know anyone writing in English today who can hold the candle to him. Although The Scummer, Letters from a Fortress *passim*, and a hundred other passages, are, some of them, the best he has ever done in his own incomparable speciality, I must get to my pet theory about Morley: that there is something wrong with his spiritual world, the reality that like all creative artists he has spun into the air. Something architecturally wrong, which will probably prevent forever his occupation of the place which his dazzling natural talents, his learning, and his opportunities reserved for him. The

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causes of this error, this sin, this warp—how I go on—are many and most of them the secret of his biographer. I do not approve, for example, of that time at Oxford. The place and those Rhodes scholarships, in the expressed intention of their grotesque provider, are intended primarily for the licking of bears—English squires, Scotch ministers' sons, colonial, German, and American barbarian undergraduates. Did not the Kimberley millionaire (whose corporeal pat on the head is one of my own earliest recollections) himself make that clear enough, when he insisted all his pensioners should show their muscles as well as their notebooks?

To send a Morley there, a mind naturally literary, fine, illusionist, that was the Pitt prescription over again—that bottle of port three times a day, which, prescribed for a tendency to gout in youth, finally carried him off. Oxford sweetness and light for a case of congenital tendency to book-diabetes, and sunburn?

So, I trace some of the esoteric failings of Morley to this stay. Only some of them, I repeat. He is no piece of clockwork, but an electrical complex. At Oxford they teach easy admirations within a restricted range, the playfulness that loves "gallantry and crimes," but not blood and kisses; the culture that ends up, in the worst case, by producing a particular breed of bookworms who only attack the covers of books.

This may have affected him, as I say. Certainly he shows none of the grosser symptoms—the adoption of the local esthetic slang, the scholarism that presses to introduce hat-ribbons even in the universal world of art. But, to be short, Morley lacks emotion—some emotions. And those the greatest. It is no use you telling me about Lamb, because that will only show you have not read him since he was your set book.

It is some such thing that was wrong with the reading of Cervantes, poor old saint and martyr. Amadis, Tirante the White, all of them, never slept, earned, possessed, or paid for their lodging, or performed any of the natural functions, even in a forest—which Sancho wondered at. Despair, hate, fear, hunger, rage, love, these are not stage properties, and Morley never uses them. His ideal pair are Pierrot and Columbine, his moon is pasteboard. . . . But it has occurred to me at the very moment I say that, that the very virile, true, story of a hard sea voyage begins the book I am reviewing. It is an excellent narrative; if something had only happened in it, old Hakluyt would not have sniffed in listening. But this book is not a mere ornament in the façade of his work; it is the structural outcropping of some vital turnpoint. I ought to have said that at the beginning.

Changing Civilization

LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

IT is impossible not to admire the energy and versatility of Professor Barnes. No sooner has the reader got to grips with one stately tome than a new magnum opus makes its appearance. I doubt whether there are any living writers, outside Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. Edgar Wallace, who have anything like the same power of production.

His new volume is a genuinely interesting production. Roughly speaking, it is an account of the changes in the outlook of civilization during the last hundred years. Beginning with scientific advance, Professor Barnes travels rapidly over the changes wrought by invention, transport, the factory system. He then deals with the new capitalism, and the institutions it has developed. Thence he passes to the problems of social and economic reconstruction, to the international field, and to religion. The volume ends with an account of the "new" history—a movement in which Professor Barnes is himself a protagonist. The book is well worth reading, and it is provided with brief, but adequate, bibliographies. It is the work of a thoroughly alert and exceptionally well-informed mind, which is never tired of emphasizing the significance of novelty. In its way, the book is a very considerable *tour de force* which no one can read without profit.

Yet, with all its qualities, it has left me with a feeling of disappointment. This is, I think, due to two things. Professor Barnes is a believer in progress, and his book is really a hymn to modernity. Yet unless he means by progress an increasing power over the environment, I do not know what he means by the term. And if I ask myself what evidence there is of measurable improvement in the moral or intellectual reader, I am driven to admit that I do not know of any that a scientific observer can regard as adequate. We travel much faster; yet things are revealed to the humble earthworm which are obscured from the gaze of the eagle. We have incomparably more scientific knowledge; but the problems of social value are as little capable of definite answer as when Bentham was at work. We produce very much more, and in Western civilization, the working-classes are probably better off than eighty years ago; but the democratization of economic control is hardly nearer then than now, and without it, in any genuine sense, there can be no freedom. We have destroyed any intellectual right to a belief in Genesis or hell; but Aimée Semple McPherson and Billy Sunday flourish like a green bay tree. The progress of economic science has not prevented the rise of a new mercantilism. The development of anthropology seems to make no effective impact upon colonialism in Kenya or in Syria. We have a League of Nations; but the major iniquities of the Peace of Versailles remain unredressed. I find it a little difficult to follow Professor Barnes's enthusiasm in the face of grim facts like these. Reason seems to me a frail bark in a rock-strewn sea, and I cannot understand assurance that it is likely to win its harbor.

I was myself particularly interested in Professor Barnes's account of the "new" history and the confident expectations of improvement he builds thereon. It appears that there has been a revolution, of which Professor James Harvey Robinson is the Karl Marx and Professor Barnes himself the Lenin. Its ethos is refusal to accept the old, narrow view of a history mainly "political" in character and an insistence that the reconstruction of past civilizations and the tracing of the "development of the dominant aspects of contemporary culture and of the leading social institutions of today" are most important. With its coming, we are told, our own age may hope for understanding. With great respect, I suggest that Professor Barnes is making a great fuss about very small beer. In any age, men write history in terms of dominant needs of that age. They make a philosophy out of the impact upon them of the forces at work there. That is as true of Thucydides or Tacitus, Macaulay or Lamprecht, as it is of ourselves. We do not find the political stake as important as the generation dominated by the ideas of 1789. We stress, accordingly, contributing factors which have greater significance for ourselves. But, quite frankly, are we doing anything different from what Grote did when he made the history of Greece a great democratic pamphlet, or Gibbon when he made the decline of Rome a function of the growth of Christianity? Is the "new" history anything more than an extra dose of self-consciousness? Is there much real difference between historical writing in one age or another except what is capable of explanation in terms of a new environment?

* * *

There are some details in Professor Barnes's book which I note with a good deal of regret. He has, I think, an over-confidence in the virtue of intellegence tests; he does not see that Professor East's alarms and excursions about population have a very different context in the light of birth control; and his picture of an English liberalism converted to state-socialism misses the mark altogether. His discussion of the "challenge to democracy" takes no real account of the fact that universal suffrage is not democracy at all so long as economic power has been concentrated in a small number of hands. And he does not discuss at all the question of whether democratization in the economic realm can take place without catastrophe. Yet if on anything, the "new" history should surely throw light upon that fundamental issue. For if, as the communists declare, no class will part with power except by force, the outlook for living in the twenty-first century is assuredly grim.

One last remark I may be permitted to make. I never read any of Professor Barnes's books without a humiliating sense of my own ignorance. He produces vast lists of writers who have done what he estimates to be important work, whose very names are unknown to me. It is my own belief that, particularly in this field, the number of those who do significant work is much smaller than Professor Barnes, in his generosity, estimates. Turning over his pages, I venture with respect to submit to him that many of the names he catalogues so eagerly have merely dressed up the obvious in high-sounding terminology and have nothing really decisive to say. Professor Barnes is much too sensible to trust in the card-cataloguing mind. If he will only say what he has it in him to say without giving us reference to men who only repeat his own phrases with sound and fury, his books will be much less formidable in appearance and much more attractive to read.

Telling the Truth

SEX AND YOUTH. By SHERWOOD EDDY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2 net.

Reviewed by MARGARET SANGER

THE whole art of living would seem to lie in the skill which each individual must exercise in steering his course between the rocks of license and the sands of asceticism. Sexual excess shipwrecks some, and fruitless repressions stop the progress of others. Here is one of the persistent problems of humanity. Each individual must face it anew. Each rising generation is confronted with the menace of spiritual shipwreck. Mankind is in a continual process of reaction against one fatal extreme or the other. Those who look back in retrospect upon the mistakes of their own lives, hopelessly regretting the sins committed or omitted, are often—strange as this fact seems—less anxious than they should be to teach the lesson they have learned to those who are embarking, young and inexperienced, upon the perilous voyage of life. What needless, lamentable repetition of these tragedies might be avoided, if, like Sherwood Eddy, all the middle-aged resolved to tell the truth! How many needless heartbreaks spared and how many undreamed-of potentialities for happiness realized if the elder generation would pledge itself to truth-telling on the subject of sex! No longer would the two generations be separated by an impenetrable wall of silence.

The situation is not quite so hopeless, at first glance, as it appears. Truth-telling is its own reward. For those of us who have told the truth, know from experience that the seemingly thankless task of sowing the seeds of truth is in due time rewarded by a fine harvest. A new outlook, a new approach to life, a new frankness and honesty suddenly appears to replace misunderstanding, prejudice, and persecution. Public opinion concerning Birth Control today is evidence of this reward.

* * *

Books like Sherwood Eddy's "Sex and Youth" are of immense value—of primary value, it seems to me, in breaking down that age-old wall of silence that stands between parents and children, between the generation of middle age and that of youth. A man of deep spiritual insight, of wide reading, and a profound student of religious psychology, Mr. Eddy recognizes that sex problems of youth constitute the area in life in which there is unquestionably more suffering than in any other. Prejudice in this field, as he points out in his introductory chapter, is supported by the most ancient authority and reinforced by patterns that have been built into nervous systems.

Upon first reading, it appears that this is a book for the rising generation. But a more careful examination discloses that it will serve most profitably teachers and directors of youth. It will remind those who have passed the age of the imperious demands of sex in youth that these impulses are real, often tyrannical. Youth cannot be helped by any bland evasion of its cry for help. There was a time—and that not so many decades ago—when sex was an unmentionable obscenity, secret, hidden, and unclean. Then its necessity was no longer to be ignored. Makeshift measures were adopted to "instruct the young." Fears were instilled into their minds—the fear of eternal damnation and the fear of loathsome venereal diseases, both calculated to poison youthful impulses and to besmear the deepest and finest instinct in life, the love nature, with a sense of irremediable guilt. And they called it sex-education!

I have long felt that the great need of this country has been the education of the educators. The trouble has not been with youth, which has appealed by frankness and honesty; it has been with those to whom the rising generations have turned for guidance. Men and women who, due to the prejudices in which they have grown up, were woefully ignorant themselves concerning all matters of sexual biology

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and psychology, who were themselves pathologically repressed and bashful, have been obviously unfitted to act as guides to youth. To a far greater extent than the enlightened realize, this condition still prevails.

As a guide-book to those to whom growing boys and girls appeal, Sherwood Eddy's book is the finest that has been brought to my attention. It is valuable for high-school teachers, for social workers, for counsellors and directors of clubs. It is a guide to the best literature of the subject, indicating the path to further study. It shows how ethically necessary the new frankness and truth-telling is; how it is not contrary to the great religious teaching, but a part of it.

Youth must be shown the way between the two extremes mentioned above, the Scylla of sensuality and the Charybdis of license. Truth alone makes us free, rightly insists Mr. Eddy. The great hope for the future lies in abolishing for all time the wall of silence that separates the two generations. When, in the realm of sex, the rising generation can profit by the experience of the older generation, there will appear the dawn of a new happiness. The necessity for this new union of the generations, this new fearlessness in truth telling, is more imperative today than ever before. As Mr. Eddy so rightly points out: "No other generation of youth ever had such freedom, and new freedom may be either an emancipating or a devastating thing. . . . No other ever had such high-powered playthings as the auto, the radio, the moving picture, together with so much leisure and spending money. No other was subjected to the seduction of such commercialized amusements or such a circulation of suggestive and obscene sex literature and periodicals." I think we must admit the truth of this statement. While ignorant censors are suppressing the earnest efforts at truth, they permit without protest the wide circulation of artificial and abnormal sex-stimulants. We are in a period of transition. Never was youth so menaced by imminent shipwreck.

Sherwood Eddy's book is valuable for one quality that is missing from so many books written from the coldly scientific point of view: I mean the quality of wisdom. Science we must have in sex—and scientific truth telling. But poetry we must have as well, and reverence. Mr. Eddy recognizes fully the value of these great spiritual forces. Few men have emphasized as he does the need for a basic equality between men and women, if sexual and social harmony is ever to be attained. "Women are today," he writes with profound insight, "the undiscovered continent of life, the area of highest potentiality of humanity. . . . We have yet to discover the contribution to the common life of an emancipated womanhood, and the two sexes' full coöperation in healthy and equal comradeship."

"The task of giving the Turkish public a new literature, now that Arabic-printed books are neither to be produced nor read, is already being taken in hand," says a correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*. "But it is likely to be a lengthy business, as the annual average number of new works of all kinds published in Turkey is only three thousand. For a time the newspapers will, in fact, provide the principal reading fare, and it is only when the output of modern Turkish authors has had time to accumulate that the public will again be reading books. There is no question of transliterating into the new letters much of the Turkish literature of the past, even of the immediate past, so that bookshelves will necessarily remain empty for a time.

"Nevertheless the first two original literary works to be published in the new letters have just appeared from a Stamboul firm. Both of them are from the pens of prominent men of letters who have been, throughout, members of the Linguistic Commission which is carrying out the language reform. One is a volume of poems in prose entitled 'Damla, Damla,' or 'Drop by Drop,' and its inception was due to an inspiration given to the author in conversation by Ghazi Kemal Pasha. The author, Deputy Ruchen Echref Bey, is the first Turkish essayist or belle-lettrist, and he has acclimatized the meditative essay form in Turkish literature. His melancholy, death-obsessed prose has some of the qualities of Pierre Loti, and is very modern and subjective.

"The second work to appear is a novel of the Armistice, written by Deputy Yacoub Kadri Bey, the leading Turkish novelist, and called 'Sodom and Gomorrah.' It is a picture of Constantinople under the Allied occupation between 1918 and 1923."

New Poems

By Emily Dickinson

I CAUTIOUS scanned my little life,
I winnowed what would fade
From what would last till heads like mine
Should be a-dreaming laid.

I put the latter in a barn,
The former blew away—
I went one winter morning.
And lo! my priceless hay

Was not upon the "scaffold,"
Was not upon the "beam,"
And from a thriving farmer
A cynic I became.

Whether a thief did it—
Whether it was the wind—
Whether Deity's guiltless
My business is to find.

So I begin to ransack—
How is it, Heart, with thee?
Art thou within the little barn
Love provided thee?

OUT of sight, What of that,
See the bird reach it!
Curve on curve, sweep on sweep,
Round the steep air.
Danger! What is that to her?
Better 'tis to fail there
Than debate here.

Blue is blue the world through,
Amber, amber; dew, dew.
Seek friend, and see—
Heaven is sky of earth
That's all—
Bashful Heaven, thy lovers small
Hide too, from thee.

THE tint I cannot take is best,
The color too remote
That I could show it in bazaar
A guinea at a sight—

The fine impalpable array
That swaggers on the eye
Like Cleopatra's company
Repeated in the sky—

The moments of dominion
That happen on the Soul
And leave it with a discontent
Too exquisite to tell—

The eager look on landscapes
As if they just repressed
Some secret that was pushing,
Like chariots, in the breast—

The pleading of the Summer,
That other prank of snow
That covers mystery with tulle
For fear the squirrels know—

Their graspless manners mock us,
Until the cheated eye
Shuts arrogantly in the grave,
Another way to see.

I And in the handsome skies
NEVER felt at home below,
I shall not feel at home
I know,
I don't like Paradise.

Because it's Sunday all the time
And recess never comes,
And Eden'll be so lonesome
Bright Wednesday afternoons.

If God could make a visit,
Or ever took a nap—
So not to see us—but they say
Himself a telescope

Perennial beholds us,—
Myself would run away
From Him and Holy Ghost and All—
But—there's the Judgment Day!

MY portion is defeat to-day,
A paler luck than victory,
Less pæans, fewer bells—
The drums don't follow me with tunes;
Defeat a something dumber means,
More difficult than bells.
'Tis populous with bone and stain,
And men too straight to bend again,
And piles of solid moan,
And chips of blank in boyish eyes,
And shreds of prayer
And death's surprise
Stamped visible in stone.
There's something prouder
Over there—
The trumpets tell it in the air.
How different victory
To him who has it and
The One
Who to have had it
Would have been
Contenteder to die.

MY period had come for prayer,
No other art would do,
My tactics missed a rudiment;
Creator, was it you?

God grows above, so those who pray
Horizons must ascend,
And so I stood upon the North
To reach this curious Friend.

His house was not; no sign had He
By chimney nor by door,—
Could I infer His residence?
Wide prairies of the air

Unbroken by a settler,
Were all that I could see;
Infinitude, hadst Thou no face
That I might look at Thee?

The sidence condescended,
The Heavens paused for me,
But awed beyond my errand
I worshipped—did not pray!

BEAUTY is not caused,
It is.
Chase it and it ceases.
Chase it not and it abides.
Overtake the creases
In the meadow when
The Wind
Runs his fingers thro' it?
Deity will see to it
That you never do it.

OF course I prayed—
And did God care?
He cared as much as
On the air
A bird had stamped her foot
And cried "Give me!"

My reason, life
I had not had, but for
Yourself,
'Twere better charity
To leave me in the atom's
Tomb,
Merry and nought, and gay
And numb,
Than this smart misery.

The preceding poems are a few of a large group now about to be published for the first time. They will appear in a volume, "Further Poems of Emily Dickinson," to be issued next week by Little, Brown & Co. The book will be reviewed by Louis Untermeyer in the next issue of The Saturday Review of Literature.

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Levy versus Smith

IT is many years since I heard a sermon. But since all that I ever heard began with a text, I am glad to avail myself, too, of that agreeable method which gives one so natural a starting point. I choose my text, then, from a very ancient book, from that famous Talmudic tractate known as the Sayings or Sentences of the Fathers which has quite generally been embodied in the liturgy of the synagogue. And in this book I select the whole of the brief eighteenth section of the first chapter. It reads as follows: "Rabban Shimon ben Gamaliel was wont to say, It is upon three things that the world stands firm—upon justice, upon truth, and upon peace." This saying of our teacher Simeon, the son of that patriarch Gamaliel who was the instructor of the young Saul of Tarsus, may not, at first sight, seem either very astonishing or very original. But to translate is notoriously to traduce; there are no synonyms; the names of concepts in one language do not coincide with the apparently same names in another. For concepts are freighted with the peculiar character and experience of the particular people who sum up in them their unique vision of the multiform world. Hence, like a preacher in those far days when people were not ashamed of knowledge, I may be permitted to say that the original words for "upon justice and truth and upon peace are *Al-hadin v'al-haemeth v'al-hashalom.*" In brief, the Hebrew words translated as justice, truth, and peace are *din, emeth,* and *shalom,* and it is these words that may be fruitfully examined for a moment.

Din is no "Justice with her scales in bronze," no blindfold Roman effigy, no symbol of a power that stands unmoved above humanity and measures it by some cold and abstract norm. The verbal stem from which the noun derives means to create right, balance, equity among men, to use mercy, and to abstain from the judging that destroys justice. It is the word used by Isaiah when he declares that Javeh will enter into judgment with the elders and princes of the folk because the spoil of the poor is in their houses; it is the word used by Jeremiah concerning the king Josiah: "He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well. Was not this to know me, saith Javeh?" . . . This justice on which the world is founded leans always to the side of the defeated, the disinherited; it is exercised in creating a moral balance of which the natural world does not know.

Precisely as *din* is no pagan justice that wreaks itself upon life in the name of some arrogant law, so *emeth* (truth) is not the name of a metaphysical concept. This truth is that which shall endure, all that has steadfastness and faithfulness—the ultimate values upon which all men can rely in their souls' last need. It is, according to the prophets, inseparable from peace; it is, according to the Psalmist, inseparable from love! *Chesed v'emeth,* loving-kindness and truth. It is the name of God—*El emeth,* his stamp and seal. It is the cognizance whereby love can actively create peace. And this peace—*shalom*—of which justice and truth, equity and steadfastness, are the conditions, is also spiritual health, the welfare of the total man, salvation. Peace is salvation in the view of my text, not redemption—*p'duth*—ransoming, buying off. For according to the author of my text there exists neither original taint nor unforgivable sin. Mercy and truth will bring about the salvation whose name is peace.

It will be said that, despite the special interpretation, these are commonplaces and that I have quite correctly compared myself to an old-fashioned preacher. But there are, in fact, no new ethics under the sun; there is no new road to human salvation, and I observe that the most extreme of modern moral nihilists, like Mr. Aldous Huxley, for example, pay their implicit and half shamefaced tribute to that Jewish wisdom which failed as Christianity through its contamination with pagan mysticism and emotion and through its gradual implication with the power of Rome.

There is no new wisdom of the humanistic sort, of the sort that teaches men how to live. There was a moment in the nineteenth century when it was hoped that science would provide a new ethic. That hope is dead. Science is doing untold good in sanitating the lives of the already intelligent and merciful. One thinks, for instance, of the safer practice of contraception, of the early but already amazing triumphs of endocrinology. But science cannot make men merciful. On the contrary, it puts into the hands of the pagan—the ruthless industrialist, the mad nationalist, the professional militarist—engines of power that would have made Rome shudder. New poison gases can subdue striking workers and wipe out civilian populations. The military despotisms of the world are more secure than ever; the dictator buys the man in the laboratory; those two enter into a desperate league. Science triumphs; death and not life is king; the heart has not been touched; salvation is farther off than ever.

The heart has not been touched. Or to speak with an at least apparently greater precision: there has not been, so far as one can see, the slightest emotional adjustment to the ethic which Christendom feigns to accept. Whenever European pagans have seemed to make such an adjustment they have robbed their example of all saving power by their monkish perversity, their repudiation of man and nature and

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

human life, their repulsive morbidness. Neither Saint Francis kissing the sores of lepers nor the aged and satiated Tolstoy thundering against art and love can help us. Our duty toward lepers is to eliminate their disease; by art and love we live. The pagan, in other words, alternates between truculence and groveling, between excess and emasculation, drunkenness and the Volstead Act, exposing sickly babies on mountain ledges or letting them be born indiscriminately. He never touches the center. He never touches justice, truth, and peace.

It is for this reason that, through my text, I appealed to Jewish ethics, that is to say, to Christian ethics untainted by pagan psychology, by its excesses, by its lust for superiority and power. The author of my text, Simeon, the son of the patriarch Gamaliel, and his predecessors to Amos, the earliest of the prophets, and his successors to any intelligent, unfashionable rabbi in Lemberg or Kansas City, represents an entirely different, a strictly non-pagan attitude to human life. Profoundly, sincerely, instinctively, not only as a matter of so-called religious conviction but of rock-founded common sense and unalterable experience these men have believed and believe that the senses are legitimate, that human life is manageable, that force is absolutely and undeviatingly evil, and that salvation arises naturally, without the interposition of mythical intermediary or metaphysical balderdash, by that tireless and loving coöperation among the children of Adam whose end and aim and fruit are peace. When huge Oriental monarchies threatened the national existence of their people, these counseled defeat and exile rather than resistance; when Hadrian forbade by ruthless edicts all the immemorial practices of the Jewish cult, there was found but one man in the assembly of sages to countenance the armed resistance under Bar Kochba. The others practiced a non-resistant disobedience. They were aware then, in the first quarter of the second century of our era, that to meet force with force and paganism with paganism was only to put off all hope of the reign of justice, truth, and peace.

What, in brief, I am trying to point out is that there exists and has long existed in our Western World and not only among quietistic Hindus on the path to Nirvana, the psychology, the emotional attitude that alone—alone—can save the civilization we have built up. I shall not say with Spengler that according to a law inherent in the morphology of all civilizations we are doomed to a Babylonian fate whatever we attempt or do. But that intolerable and bloody Cæsarian age which he predicts may in truth come upon us unless we can eliminate not only arms and guns and navies and the recurrent call to military servitude, but the primitive pagan emotions that render all these inevitable. Disarmament conferences, multilateral peace-treaties—all these will be vain and empty unless the emotional attitude of John Smith can be so changed that he will say, when war looms, what Moses Levy finds burning on his lips but does not dare to say: *Fighting is dirty, sinful,* and unworthy of man. Above all it is immeasurably stupid; it settles nothing; it is suicidal for all concerned. It is absolute evil as well as absolute stupidity. That is why Moses Levy, even when he follows the drum in fear of being lynched, has an essential contempt both for those who beat the drum and for those who follow it gladly.

What shall we do to change the inner man of John Smith? How shall we make him want justice, truth, peace? How shall we persuade him not to follow the call to murder and destroy whether that call is issued by a capitalist or a proletarian dictatorship? How? By lifting from him the burden of his littleness, of his fear. For he is cruel because he is afraid of being hurt and he plunges into mass *emotion and mass obedience and mass murder* because that plunge gives him a sense of power, the power of the mass to which he belongs and which he briefly feels to be his own. Especially in our modern urban and industrialist civilization where he has been so hopelessly reduced to a cipher. Feebly he brags and boasts out of his insignificance and his fears. Put a uniform on him and make him part of the wheeling evolutions of a military mass. He feels upheld, sustained, proud in obedience and uniformity, powerful with the power of at last being and not only tending a part of a machine.

Doubtless in sodden trenches under gunfire this false sense of power abandons him and he would like to whimper and to flee. But now the solidarity of common danger keeps him somewhat erect; he does not know how uselessly and stupidly it was incurred, and also the old pagan superstition—useful perhaps in primitive ages but now no more—that it is shameful for a man to fear physical hurt. And Christianity with its silly contempt for the body has left him utterly pagan in this respect. The regimentation of the industrialized master-state, aided by church and school and the excesses of moralistic feminism, reduce poor Smith's virile expressiveness in work, in play, in love below a tolerable minimum. He roars for the flag and feels elated; he sees battleships manœuver and feels their gray strength added to his pitiful weakness. The oligarchs know how to take him and how to turn him into cannon-fodder. Then when pain and danger come the poor fellow is helpless. In his childhood he was fed on stories of Indians bearing torture without a complaint and was taught that this poor quality of the Stone Age savage was worthy of imitation, was in fact the very mark and sign of manhood. And in his instruction in school and Sunday school the Jew Jesus is transformed for him as far as possible into a Nordic knight, not a gentle man but a gentleman, or, in America—*vide* Bruce Barton—into a go-getting man of business like the boss of his concern. Belligerency is bred into the very bone and marrow of poor John Smith, but never a belligerency for his minimum rights to freedom, love, play, sunlight, but belligerency for a flag, a figment, a vision of fancied danger and unnecessary solidarity behind which crouch his masters, who send him to prison if he criticizes the mad system by which he is enslaved and ordered into trenches to protect the sources of their power.

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by Ludwig Lewisohn

Perhaps it will be possible some day to drive from John Smith's heart the servile pagan ideal with which it has been corrupted for so many ages. Perhaps from a henchman he can be turned into a man. The cults of the Far East are useless to us, for we need more insistence on the dignity and preciousness of personality, not less; more respect for healthy and beautiful bodies, and not less. Historical Christianity will not help us in any of its forms, for all these forms are inextricably entangled with the world's pomp and power, with patriotism and force. And even a quite pure faith like that of the Quakers is contaminated by the morbid asceticism of Paul. This is a central point and this the central tragedy of Christianity, that it has never been able to strive for the salvation of peace without demanding at the same time a disgusting monkishness of conduct. Its peace has always been peace for the sake of death, never peace for the sake of a more abundant life. Cannot we persuade John Smith that not to judge, that to prefer truth to propaganda, and to seek peace, may be a manly and an honorable way of life?

He will not take kindly to regarding for his own benefit the operations of the mind and heart of Moses Levy. Ages of prejudice and slander forbid that. But those who know that on John Smith's putting on a new man depends the salvation of the world—it is they who may be brought to regard Moses Levy with an at least objective and scientific interest. Now Moses Levy has had an historic experience so recurrent and profound that it has turned into an instinct of his blood the truth that an appeal to force settles nothing at all. He despises all values except moral and intellectual values. If he sees two men fighting his contempt for the victor and the defeated is precisely the same. His contempt is softened by a single consideration: the defeated was probably, or at least possibly, in the right. So that injustice, which he finds of all things hardest to bear, has been added to dirt and brutality. He has himself become a pretty poor creature as far as action is concerned. John Smith has bawled "coward" at him so long that instead of saying, "In your precise sense I am, thank God, a coward," he has mimicked the courage of John Smith as a self-protective gesture and has furnished examples of gallantry in every modern war. But it has always been against the grain of his nature; it has always been a horrible and costly gesture. Levy believes in peace and does not think it a fine thing to be hurt or maimed or to incur the danger of it, and always has the shrewdest of suspicions that the quarrels he is asked to enter are not his quarrels or those of any of his ordinary fellow men at all. Furthermore, in Levy's consciousness—here is his great advantage—peace has never been entangled with a repudiation of nature; it has, on the contrary, been implicated with a resistless love of life. He is no monkish or Tolstoyan lover of peace and barrenness. He is passionate son and husband and father. If his wife's or his child's or his own finger aches he runs to his physician. He loathes the thought of hurt, of death, of war, of confusion. He loves life and peace, food and drink, music and sunshine, study and reflection. The dead or the embattled have none of these. In a thousand pogroms he has shown that he can bear the inevitable with dignity. But he gets no "kick" out of contention and danger. That pagan possibility has completely died out of his nature. He wants literally and passionately to be left in peace in order to pursue the goods which seem to him the true goods of human life: love, children, knowledge, charity, good health, old age.

He often seems contemptible to John Smith. The mimic battles of Smith's games, Smith's pseudo-knightly ideals and gestures, are not for him. He is serious; he reckons with reality. He has been up against reality a long, long time. He sometimes, in the light of Smith's apparently gay, brave world, feels a trifle contemptuous of himself. Smith runs amok or kills himself; Levy sighs and goes to a psychoanalyst. Smith has all the fine gestures; Levy manages to conquer life. For Levy never experienced the knightly tradition or the Christian Middle Ages. Abstract sociological loyalties play no part in his life. He is not thrilled by the flutter of any flag nor taken in by any symbol. Life is too serious and too dangerous for that. He does not want his sons to be killed, however handsome the name of the cause. He wants them to live and be healthy and learned and to beget sons in their turn even more healthy and learned, and in this thought is his final affirmation of humanity as well as his share of immortality. He is eager to practice charity, for pain and want hurt, and he does not think that being hurt is either a fine thing or a discipline; he has an infinite respect for the best truth he can find, being rarely taken in by quackery of any sort, but relying on science; he wants peace above all things, peace without which none of the ends of the good life can be served.

Paganism must be curbed, the knightly and the loyal must be put to useful work, the serious and the cowards must prevail in the councils of mankind. The danger is great and imminent. Civilization is on a knife's edge. Does no one want to save it? A little humble anti-Fascist fled from Italy, an unpolitical person, a man who quietly wanted to withdraw from the degradations of a tyrant. He came to France, home of exiles and last refuge of the oppressed, and month in and month out begged and besought the Italian consul in Paris to permit his wife and child to join him. In vain. In vain. The little man lost his head and fired on the consul. A French jury, deeply cognizant of the man's wrongs and sufferings, let him off with a sentence of two years. Now armed guards are needed by the French consulates in Italy and Mussolini talks of national insult and provocation to war. Here are all the makings of a second Sarajevo. For Italy is allied with the bloody despotisms of Poland, Hungary, and Rumania. And it will do us no good, if war comes, to feel a passionate sympathy for France. For war destroys and brutalizes all. There are not in the moral and hardly in the physical sense either conquerors or conquered. All go down to disaster, disgrace, destruction, despair. All. Force, honor, prestige, even fatherland—these are murderous concepts and murderous things, pagan, horrible, tragic. If John Smith does not learn from the despised Moses Levy civilization is doomed.

* * *

For we must never forget that in John Smith is our only hope. I must not say that none among his rulers in any country has the will to good and to peace. But that will can never or hardly ever be liberated from its entanglement with power, gear, friendship, ultimate class solidarity. It is hard for a Senator's son to become a conscientious objector to military slavery and official murder. He who has least to lose is the free man. But he must be made to realize his freedom; he must refuse to be dazzled by symbols, scared by false cries of danger, confused by the figment of a concept of honor that lost all meaning centuries ago. His conversion is not an easy task. For John Smith has through the ages been tribesman, feudal vassal, loyal subject, one-hundred-per-cent citizen—everything, in fact, except a human being. He has always been the object of the processes of history. Is there any hope of converting him at this late date into a man?

I think there is; I hope there is. For I do not believe that in his innermost soul he is so very different from Moses Levy. Only his historic experience has been an unhappier one. He has been fooled into thinking himself a conqueror. He has warped memories. If he is a Frenchman he thinks, let us say, in terms of the splendor of Napoleon, not in terms of his great-great grandfather, who probably drowned miserably in the icy waters of the Beresina or froze to death on the wintry Russian plains. Moses Levy has the felicity of realistically thinking in terms of his grandfather, of his great-grandfather; he is not fooled by a splendid memory and a name still graven above a palace door. He knows what the world is really like. Now at bottom John Smith, quite like Moses Levy, probably wants love, children, knowledge, peace. Being an Aryan and a natural pagan and young in the discipline of history, he probably, unlike Moses Levy in this respect, still has a hankering for what he calls victory—some primitive desire, stripped of any moral motive or aim, to prevail, to create a superiority he does not feel by, at least symbolically, getting his knee upon some rival tribesman's chest. Can we not teach him that no victory is his or ever has been, and that, closely regarded, such a thing as victory is no longer possible in a crowded and complicated world? Even the shadow of victory works by contraries. It is the Italian master who is becoming corrupted, brutalized, degraded in the South Tyrol; it is the Tyrolese who will some day arise from their sufferings erect, spiritually purged, lovers of justice and of peace.

Nothing will save us except peace. Economic and social justice, humanitarian endeavor, scientific discoveries—all are vain if destruction and utter degradation are always just around the corner. We must go out into the world; we must go to John Smith and drive the pagan from his heart—the foolish, short-sighted, self-destructive pagan. We must be tireless in this aim until a day comes when, if the masters call to war, no one answers the call, but men, quietly disregarding flag and drum and the paid lies of the press, go about their business of peace. And we can still go to John Smith, not only in the name of his essential manhood and his posterity, but in the name of Jesus. Not of Christ. Christ is a knight and a gentleman and a pagan myth. But in the name of Jesus and the teachers of Jesus and the descendants of those teachers who are still many among the kinsmen of the Nazarene. For nearly two thousand years these men have known that peace alone is salvation. Upon justice and truth and peace our world rests. The pagan has raged against these pillars of the world for ages. They are near to toppling. We must save them and so ourselves and our world from crumbling back into chaos.

The foregoing article is to be included in a book shortly to be issued by Harper & Brothers entitled "If I Could Preach Just Once." Its author is well known as an editor, critic, and writer of autobiographical chronicle and novels. He was at one time a teacher of German in a Middle Western university, and was later dramatic critic and associate editor of the Nation, *to which journal he is still a contributing editor. His published works include "The Drama and the Stage" (Harcourt, Brace); "Upstream," "Don Juan," and "The Creative Life," all issued by Liveright; "Roman Summer," and "The Island Within," both published by Harpers.*

Somewhat Metaphysical

(*Continued from page* 745)

formulas that are always logical, but never convincing when they are torn out of the context of the moment in which they functioned. For literature is never really timeless in the literal sense, though it may be enduring. If it is timeless, it is only because, like Shakespeare or the Greek tragedies, it has once been timely. It carries with it the electrical fields of thought and motion as well as the consciousness that lived in and from and for them.

Perhaps this is only an analogy, but if so, the two parallel lines each lead toward truth, and perhaps in some Einsteinian world meet short of infinity. And whether the comparison is accurate or not, we can draw from it nourishment for the literary mind. Much of the rather unsatisfactory ("unspiritual" some would call it) realism of the last decades suffers from a preoccupation, like the scientists, with "fields" alone, regardless of their significance for the consciouness. Such work may be good experimentation, but unless the field of experience means something in relation to the consciousness, the ego, that lives and changes within it, then the sterility which inheres in all meaningless phenomena may make these experiments barren. We know so much, for example, of the fields of American consciousness from, let us say, Dreiser, so little of an ego worth breaking one's heart over! If experience is unitary and has significance behind it, then the old question of quality must again arise, even while we are democratizing every emotion. A difference between wisdom and knowledge must once again be established. Let us *know* by all means, but, in literature certainly, let us be critical of the worth of knowledge. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . . and the King of Glory shall come in. . . . Who is this King of Glory?" That, if the symbolism of the Psalmist be read in our sense, is the question to be asked in literature.

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Books of Special Interest

Little Blue Books

THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION. By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

HOW Mr. Haldeman-Julius sold a hundred million of his little five-cent Blue Books has several points of interest to several kinds of people. To publishers and advertisers it has a business interest. It brings out characteristics of the mass public, and it goes into methods with figures and detail.

Books are bought mainly because the buyers wish to read them, and of course those who wish to read them to the extent of five cents each are many times more numerous than those whose desire amounts to twenty-five cents, or fifty cents, or a dollar. But one does not spend even five cents without a purpose; ninety-nine per-cent of the buyers of the Blue Books, says Mr. Haldeman-Julius, buy because they themselves wish to read them, and "from 1260 titles almost anyone could select twenty or more that he would like to read," at least with a degree of liking sufficent to cover a price that by mass production it has been possible to reduce to an approximation of the nominal. This seems to be the foundation of the faith.

But it is the method and detail of marketing these books that are most interesting. These are given generously. Mr. Haldeman-Julius presents classified and comparative lists of hundreds of books, with the numbers sold, and shrewd interpretations of the figures. In the chapters on advertising, statistics are listed, and the results obtained from the chief periodicals used as advertising mediums are compared. There is a chapter on mass production, and another on the writers who worked for the series.

* *

In the two chapters called The Hospital and The Morgue, Mr. Haldeman-Julius describes the policy he has adopted in regard to books of which the sales are small. Books that fall below a sale of 10,000 a year are usually sent to the Hospital, where the general treatment is either to reclassify them,—that is to shift them to another list, or to change their titles, or to do both. Changing "The Life of Barnum" to "P. T. Barnum and His Circus" doubled the sales of the volume. "Poems of Evolution" sold two thousand under the title "Poetry," in 1925, seven thousand in 1926 as "When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish," and twenty thousand in 1927 when listed under Humor.

The series is varied, containing classics of literature, collections of all kinds, and informational books especially written for it. Mr. Haldeman-Julius is something of a propagandist as well as very much of a publisher and is quite candid in admitting it. The proportion of books in his series which objectors would call anti-religious is rather formidable, and the list of "sex appeal" books is still more striking. Many of the titles would usually be called sensational. Mr. Haldeman-Julius frankly says that these volumes represent his social philosophy and rises to their defense; so far as defense rests on the grounds of personal belief it is, of course, quite sound. But one cannot help noticing that in general the books with sex appeal have the largest sales; the largest annual figures for any one book seems to be 129,200 for "Prostitution in the Modern World," and the next largest 112,000 for "What Married Women Should Know." It seems that ladies still suffer from embarrassments, and that more young ladies will buy "What Every Young Woman Should Know" than "Sex Facts for Girls."

* *

There is no way of determining any man's motives or mixture of motives. It is a perfectly arguable social theory that it is on the whole better, tends on the whole to a healthier and safer society, to have all knowledge always open to all people, of both sexes, and young or old; that, since the protection of the young does not protect on the whole, early knowledge of sex, as complete as possible, will do more good and less harm than any maximum or minimum of concealment. There are, of course, two sides to the issue, which is one of those that are never settled, in theory or practice.

At any rate the little Blue Book series is a social phenomenon of some importance. Mr. Haldeman-Julius has written a book about it of extraordinary candor and interest.

Scientific Societies

THE RÔLE OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By MARTHA ORNSTEIN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY

FIFTEEN years ago this was presented as a dissertation for the Ph.D. degree. Two years after that, in 1915, the author died. After this lapse of time it may seem remarkable for the dissertation to be reprinted *in extenso;* but it would have been culpable not to reprint it. Indeed, the surprising thing is that we should not have heard more about it. There is no doubt that Martha Ornstein was a rare student and a rare teacher; one need not base that on conjecture—the evidence is in this text with the forbidding title. And from the text, the first discovery is something unusual in historians of science: excellent judgment and excellent taste.

She could stand aside and see things in perspective; she was predominantly cool, and did not let the fact that what she said was novel fluster her into false ornamentation and excitement. Her prose is admirably suited to her exposition; neat, concise and pithy, adequate to stir the imagination, but never in the way. Her judgment is shown by the treatment of her material, which is at once embarrassing by its mass and depressing by its gaps; by the questions she asks to make her thesis clear; and by the thesis itself, which is that, with the exception of the medical faculties, universities contributed little to the advancement of science in the century which, more than any other, contained the landslide towards experimental methods. It was the scientific societies which contributed largely toward the new temper. "These societies were the *Kulturträger* of the second half of the seventeenth century," she contends in the peroration, where, having done the work, she can afford to speak out freely.

They were the concentrated expression of the new spirit which was to gain the supremacy in the realm of thought and life. They typify this age drunk with the fulness of new knowledge, busy with the uprooting of superannuated superstitions, breaking loose from traditions of the past, embracing most extravagant hopes for the future. In their midst the spirit of minute scientific inquiry is developed; here the charlatanry and curiosity of the alchemist and magician are transformed into methodical investigation; here the critical faculty is developed so that the disclosure of an error is as important as the discovery of a new truth; here the minute fact is put as high—nay, higher—than generalization; here the individual scientist learned to be contented and proud to have added an infinitesimal part to the sum of knowledge; here, in short, the modern scientist was evolved.

There are many things which make the seventeenth century seem closer to our own day than the centuries which come in between. The universities are not now separated from the activity of scientists; the parallel is not there. It is however, possible that there is a gap between the institutions and the men outside them who are concerned with the humanities; and it is possible that the present century may show a movement opposite to that described in this book—a movement to find again a dignity in the humanities. They are often looked on, in the rough and tumble of controversy, as enemies of experimental science; but it is among the top-dog scientists that one finds important indications of discontent with the limitations of the scientific outlook. If this reversal develops we may be in for such excitements as we have not had since the period discussed by Martha Ornstein. She would have found a stimulus in the ideas afloat nowadays; and she was one designed, by her knowledge and sensibility, to stimulate the arguments.

A technical discussion of her chapters would be out of place, were it within the reviewer's power. There are inevitably sources one would have liked to see mentioned, which, no doubt properly, are untapped. Pepys's account of experiments at the Royal Society, for instance, might have been drawn on; though off-hand I do not remember whether Wheatley's Pepys was available before 1913. But more important than to discuss minutiæ, is to draw attention to the interest of Martha Ornstein's work. Those who look into it will be surprised at the amount of local liveliness and quiet humor.

Harvey J. O'Higgins, novelist, short-story writer, and playwright, died last week of pneumonia. A few days before his death he prepared a short statement for a forthcoming issue of the *Outlook* summarizing his religious beliefs.

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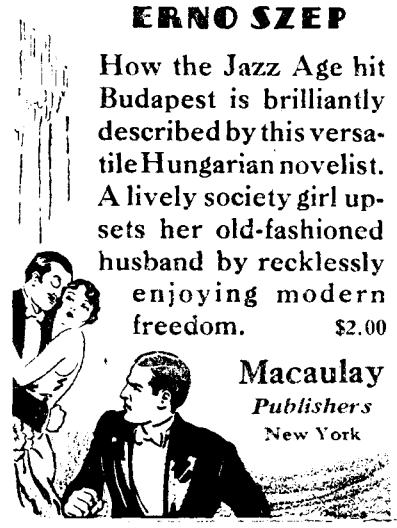

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

Literature in Post-War Poland. II.

By R. DYBOSKI

University of Cracow

TURNING from poetry to the very widest field of contemporary literary production in Poland,—to prose fiction, and beginning with the most obvious things, we find that the post-war period has been particularly favorable to a kind of writing perhaps best described as "semi-fiction," autobiography in essence, but romance in form. Persons who had been in Russia as prisoners of war or exiles, and passed through the inferno of revolution and civil war, others who had been caught in the turmoil of Bolshevism, anti-Bolshevism, and rural rioting in the border provinces between Russia and Poland, still others who had taken a part in the heroic struggle of the new Poland against the huge Bolshevik invasion of 1920,—all these wrote books on their experiences which certainly were "stranger than fiction" and sometimes glowed with all the colors of literary excellence. The outstanding book of this type in post-war Poland is Mme. Sophia Kossak-Szczucka's "Pozoga" ("Blaze": London, Allen & Unwin), in which the chaos of events in the Ukrainian region during the revolutionary years is vividly described and a dirge is sung over the ruin of those old centres of cultural tradition, the homes of the Polish country gentry in the borderlands. It was farther afield that Ferdinand Goetel, now the President of the Polish P. E. N. Club, went for the material of his stories: as a prisoner of war in Russian Turkestan he had observed the curious results of the impact of Bolshevism on the Oriental mentality of the natives, and it is with this mainly that he deals in a number of colorful and racy stories, of which "Kar-Chat" is perhaps the best. The more voluminous F. A. Ossendowski, with his sensational yarns of wandering and adventure in Eastern Asia, is *wegen seiner Berühmtheit allgemein bekannt* (as Heine said of Meyerbeer), and need barely be mentioned here.

All these works deal with the outcome of the war rather than with the war itself. The war as such is perhaps still too near us to inspire great literature anywhere. Still, it is worth mentioning that 1928 saw the publication of the first book of a hitherto unknown Polish author, J. Kossowski, entitled "Zielona Kadra" ("The Reserve in the Forest"), in which war-time experience, chiefly on the Italian front, has been turned into powerful writing in the form of a number of short stories.

We are in a very different region of semi-autobiographical writing in the works of one who is perhaps contemporary Poland's most perfect master of prose style. Julius Kaden-Bandrowski, in his two charming volumes, "The City of My Mother" ("Miasto Mojej Matki") and "In the Shadow of the Forgotten Elm-tree" ("W cieniu zapomnianej olszyny") has suffused a delicately allusive outline of scenes from childhood and youth with a tender coloring of lyrical emotion and poetry which gives to them a glamor of their own. He has since carried his art into a wider field in collecting his impressions of post-war Europe in a volume called "Europe Making Hay" ("Europa Zbiera Siano," 1927), and quite recently he has given something like Zola's "Germinal" to Polish literature in his novel of the life of the miners in one of Poland's coal-mining districts ("Lenora," 1929).

Last but not least among the more or less autobiographical writers may be mentioned one who represents the psychoanalytical manner now so fashionable in the literatures of the Western world, Mme E. Kuncewicz, who has lately created a stir in the Polish book-market with her first volume of stories. "The Alliance with the Child" ("Przymierze Z dzieckiem," 1927) certainly shows searching insight into the mixed workings of instinct and reason in a woman's soul. Another woman, M. Dabrowska, has tried to expound the mentality of farm workers through her reminiscences of a manorial childhood in her collection of stories, "People from Over There" ("Ludzie Stamtad," 1926), and a third, Ewa Szelburg, at the very outset of her career, has boldly ventured into the mazes of religious psychology in her novel "Whither?" ("Dokad?" 1927.)

While these are specimens of emphatically "modern" writing, there is no lack, on the other hand, of distinguished work in more traditional forms. It seems, in particular, as if we were on the eve of a revival of the historical novel in Poland. For a long time, the eminence of Sienkiewicz (who died in 1916) discouraged all attempts in that field, and Zeromski's "Ashes" (recently translated into English), a novel of the Napoleonic period, remained the only rival of Sienkiewicz's great stories of seventeenth-century Poland. After the war, there was a spell —in Poland as elsewhere—of marked distaste for all history on the part of the younger generation, and an isolated masterpiece like W. Berent's "Living Stones" ("Zywe Kamienie"), a weirdly fascinating tale of medieval life, stood distinctly apart from the main stream of literature. Recently, however, the field of history is being entered on more frequently: Mme Szczucka, mentioned before among the autobiographers, after several historical narratives of smaller compass, has boldly ventured into the seventeenth century domain which was peculiarly Sienkiewicz's own, and in her two-volume novel "Zlota Wolnosc" ("Golden Liberty," 1929) has drawn a large-scale picture of the ruinous struggle between a self-willed king and a lawless nobility, of the Polish-Russian wars of the time (which Sienkiewicz, writing under the Russian censorship, had not been able to touch), and above all, of the growth and decay of Protestant doctrines in Poland, which only post-war Polish historical research has brought into full light.

Another characteristic development in recent Polish narrative prose must be duly emphasized as indicative of the regained fulness of healthy national life, and that is the growing importance of humor in literature. Kornel Makuszynski, who began his career before the war, has lately risen into unquestioned supremacy in that field, and among his numerous volumes of humorous novels, stories, sketches, essays, and songs, one post-war collection of reminiscences of early youth, "Bezgrzeszne Lata" ("The Sinless Years") stands out by reason of its poetic charm and tenderness as well as its humorous vein. If Makuszynski may be said to represent humor in the English sense of the word, the brilliant journalist and critic, Antoni Slonimski, stands for the distinct qualities of wit, irony, and satire: his contributions have a large share in the popularity both of the literary weekly *Wiadomosci Literackie* (*The Literary News*) and of the excellent political comic paper *Cyrulik Warszawski* (*The Barber of Warsaw*).

The subject of wit in Poland cannot be touched without mentioning the name of "Boy" (a pseudonym for Dr. Tadeusz Zelenski), who, besides having translated the whole of Molière and nearly a hundred volumes of other French classics, has promoted the gaiety of his nation both by a volume of sparkling humorous verse, entitled "Slowka ("Little Words"), and by exquisitely entertaining critical essays. Among other essayists, two deserve to be singled out, Stanislaw Wasylewski, who excels chiefly in literary vignettes of eighteenth and early nineteenth century scenes and personalities, and Jan Parandowski, who, in several witty and amusing books, has put new life into the ancient pageantry of Greek mythology.

* *

The drama has not been mentioned so far. As a matter of fact, Polish drama, like drama in Europe generally, is suffering economically and socially from the victorious competition of the picture theater, and the subsidized repertory theaters in the larger cities, in spite of occasional concessions to the taste of the masses, constantly show large deficits. As for dramatic writing, the conditions of success in that field are notoriously more difficult than in fiction; besides, it is a commonplace of Polish literary history that essentially dramatic genius—apart from the two outstanding figures of Slowacki in tragedy and Fredro in comedy—has always been singularly scarce. In these latter days, the powerful poetic plays of Wyspianski are a formidable inheritance to face for beginners; and those younger poets who have dared to challenge Wyspianski's glories in his own domain—such as K. H. Rostworowski and L. H. Morstin, and even E. Zegadlowicz—have shown more lyrical inspiration than dramatic force in their verse plays. For "problem plays" from modern life a tradition had been established by the work of St. Przybyszewski, Z. Kisielewski, and Gabrielle Zapolska; but what is produced in this *genre*, as well as in drawing-room comedy, in the Poland of to-day by writers like W. Perzynski, W. Grubinski, St. Kiedrzynski, St. Fjalkowski, St. Krzywoszewski, hardly seems to have the seeds of literary permanence in it. This, however, is a common European experience at present, and enough, I trust, has been instanced above of the vivid and promising activities of contemporary Polish writers in other fields to justify full confidence that Polish literature, although no longer a dominant force in national life, is playing, and will continue to play, a worthy part in world culture.

Intimate Recollections

DE LOTI À PROUST. Souvenirs et Confessions. By LOUIS DE ROBERT. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

AT a time when the writers of biographies and reminiscences of great men seem concerned with unveiling the animal behind the human being they write about, it is very refreshing to come across a book of recollections of literary celebrities which does not delve into their subconscious selves, does not analyze and label their complexes and to the delectation of a certain class of readers dwell upon the shady side of their lives. Louis de Robert presents a procession of modern French writers in brief, simple sketches, picturing them as he had seen and known them, professionally and socially. He does not strip them of the laurels with which a more appreciative and less sophisticated generation had endowed them. Though during his years as reporter on the *Journal* and the *Echo de Paris* he was something of an *enfant terrible*, known for an almost brutal frankness and even aggressiveness, he never lacked the reverence due to real greatness. For his frankness was tempered with such keen understanding and such deep human sympathy, that he cheerfully accepted the petty weakness of the great and even in his brusk sallies never belittled their merits. The young journalist became a friend and confidant of many of his famous compatriots and learned to know sides of their character unknown to the world and even to the profession.

An interview with Pierre Loti was the beginning of a friendship which ended only with Loti's death. The first and the last chapter of his recollections and confidences are a warm tribute to the writer whom few of his colleagues knew intimately. He relates numerous instances of Loti's delicate attention and thoughtful consideration for mere acquaintances and of his kindness and devotion to friends, which sometimes assumed the proportions of sacrifice. De Robert was frequently for long periods Loti's guest at Hendaye and knew him better than did any of his contemporaries.

The book reflects a personality rare among intellectuals today. De Robert had retained the ingenuousness and enthusiasm of youth at an age when the majority of the men about him adopted or affected a sophisticated attitude. He was ambitious to make for himself a name as journalist and his love and capacity for work were such, that older collegues turned over to him many an important job. Thus it was he who reported the famous case of Norton vs Clemenceau, which resulted in the complete acquittal of the latter.

There were few writers of his generation that de Robert did not meet and of whom he does not report some word, some incident. Barrès, Coppée, Lavedan, Renard, Hervieu, d'Esparbès, Bernard, Allais, Vandérem, appear in his book. On the threshold of Verlaine's sordid home he meets Catulle Mendès just leaving, and asks: "What did he die of?" and Mendès replies: "To live no longer!" With a few clever words he sketches a striking portrait of the men he speaks of, brings them close to the reader, makes them live before one's eyes. He does not flatter, for he was not blind to human weakness. Rostand and Mirbeau fare badly with this truthsayer. Yet between the lines one can always discern the friendly feeling he had even for those whose manners or mannerisms grated on him. His book is not only a valuable contribution to French literary biography, but a most enjoyable one, and is likely to call attention to his other works, especially to the "Roman du Malade" deeply admired by Proust.

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Author of *The Plastic Age,* etc.

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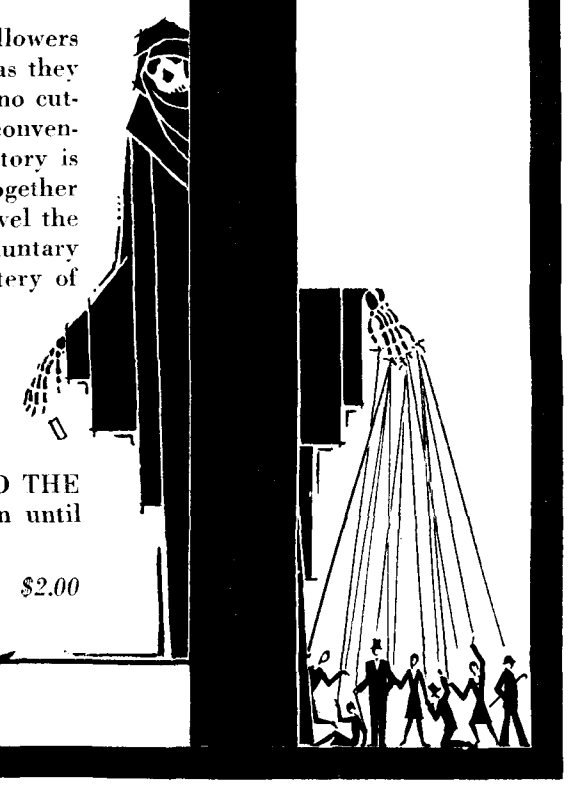

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Points of View

A Reply to Mr. Simonds*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Let us start reading Mr. Simonds's letter by taking the last paragraph first. His conclusion is that British security and American rights are irreconcilable when viewed from the angle of naval policy. There is no compromise in "such a quarrel" which involves "the deepest political instinct in each country. Each of us sees our position in the world in terms which are incompatible with the vital interests of the other. . . . If war remains unthinkable, the present adjustment is equally unthinkable."

When we come to this impasse, we know very well we should not have started out on a path that leads to it. Yet Mr. Simonds performs a real service in showing that this is where the logic of the navalist point of view leads both countries. The conclusion is not that the countries are to reach this logical result, but on the contrary, that they are not to follow the naval logic at all. If all the other interests of Great Britain and the United States are to be subordinated to these so-called vital interests which end in inevitable catastrophe, then in this subordination there is something fundamentally wrong, because it produces a complete maladjustment. This means in plain English that it is totally wrong for us and for Great Britain to make naval strategy the keynote of Anglo-American policy.

It is perfectly true that if a Power that has held dominion over the sea asserts claims which an equally great Power refuses to admit, the scene is set for conflict. But it is equally true that navalists and militarists have always calculated international relations in these terms. It is their business to do so. Some time ago this sort of reasoning was demonstrating the inevitable conflict between Japan and the United States in the Pacific. It was the same philosophy as Kipling represented in his distrust of Russia before the British made terms with the Czar in 1907. It is the same kind of philosophy as many French and British held with reference to the inevitable conflict between France and England prior to 1904. Those who think of the wars that have happened as being inevitable should study history to see how many of the wars once said to be inevitable have never happened. Fortunately common sense has its strategy as well as the tacticians.

Let us first of all examine this claim of British-American naval conflict on its own basis, and see if the blue prints of this future naval war have taken account of the whole situation,—I mean even in terms of war itself. War, even between naval Powers, is fought with other things than navies nowadays, not to mention the submarine, which does not operate according to any previous naval strategy and is therefore not calculable in the same terms as surface ships because its use is of an entirely different kind. There are also airplanes and military action, there are financial blockades and economic measures reaching through the whole civilized world. The idea of a war being settled by the naval manœuvering of two groups of ships is almost as medieval as to think of settling it by bowmen. War is now mass production involving the whole science of destruction, and its effects spread in directions never calculated by the general staffs. It is because of this changed nature of modern war that the renunciation of it as an instrument of national policy has a strategic justification. Had it remained controllable in terms of the hand industry that war used to be, it would not readily be given up. Nevertheless, recognizing this new situation, we have definitely renounced it.

The fact of this renunciation seems to Mr. Simonds utterly unreal. To treat it so is to treat our pledged word as though it were a fraudulent assertion before the world. It may take some time for those who think in terms of war to realize the dishonor which would come to a country that has foresworn their way of thinking if it actually continues to build its policy in terms of an instrument of policy which it has renounced. It is time to have some plain thinking and plain talking on this subject. Mr. Simonds has been utterly frank on his side. There is no reason for reticence upon the other.

But while a complete reply to Mr. Simonds can be made upon the basis of the open pledge of the United States in its last treaty with Great Britain, that of the Pact of Paris, there is as well another reply in the consideration of sound policy itself, had there been no such treaty binding us to peace. These two countries have given sureties for peace both to the world generally and to each other, in that they are the two great commercial nations of to-day with investments throughout the world that depend upon continuing peaceful conditions for their economic life. It is a wholly false conception of international finance which makes it synonymous with conflict by emphasizing the rivalries of international trade. That is a medieval way of thinking, as shortsighted as the policies of Spain under Philip II or France under Louis XIV. The Empire of American business is not of that kind. Increased production does not fall upon a narrowing market, but stimulates the industries of all the world to respond to our own with increased wealth and capacity to buy. Indeed, the economic argument for peace is stronger than the moral or religious one has ever been. We are tied in with all that makes for prosperity throughout the world; and equally so is Britain or any other civilized country.

As only an illustrative chapter in the vast balance sheet of international trade, take the relations between Canada and the United States. It is our best customer and we are its best customer. Does Mr. Simonds think that this is not a "vital interest" to be maintained by both? Or does he envisage a conquest that brings tribute in place of the coöperation of free nations? The plain fact is that war between nations like Great Britain and the United States is henceforth an anachronism, as definitely as feudal castles, and it is a strange fact that those who think that they are thinking realistically by thinking militaristically are really thinking in terms wholly out of date. "Vital interest" is a term that will have new connotations in the era which is being created for us by the machine and modern science. For the penetration into other countries of industrial investments makes common vital interests for nations that are engaged in this overlapping business.

How then shall we settle the question of the seas? Not by our arguing concerning the size of our battleships, but by subordinating naval strategy to that kind of policy which employs for the settlement of its disputes the institutions and the instruments which are used in the business world, those of accommodation and conference, of contracts, and courts to enforce contracts. Admittedly police will play its part where these instruments are violated. But we are no longer living in the day when the police dictate our business methods—which are the policies of nations—but are strictly subordinate to them. This is especially the case between the United States and Britain. And the problem of adjusting policies to these real vital interests, which are those of peace, is not to be solved by inciting nations to develop mutual distrust at a time when they are building up a world that depends upon mutual confidence for its prosperity.

There are many other answers that can be made to this letter of Mr. Simonds; such as to recall the race in armaments between Britain and Germany, and the fact that accommodation between those two countries was thwarted by the navalists when Haldane was within sight of the goal of settlement. But there is no need to go afield for precedents. Mr. Simonds shows us that the strategist scheme of history heads straight for war, or at least for ruthlessness on one side and humiliation on the other. I submit that this is not the structure of civilization today and that the policies which it calls for are as false as the history upon which it rests is inappropriate and misapplied.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

New York City.

* Mr. Simonds's letter was printed in the issue of *The Saturday Review* of February 23.

Beddoes Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Permit me to supplement information given by two of your recent contributors.

In addition to the two shilling Routledge series, mentioned in Mr. Arthur Colton's review of the recent Beddoes "Life," and to the Fanfrolico edition, mentioned by Mr. Ruder in your correspondence columns, there exists an edition of the works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes published by Dent, London, in 1890. This edition (of which I possess a set) was edited, with a memoir, by Sir Edmund Gosse, and consisted of two volumes. Gosse edited, also, the letters of Beddoes, which were published by Elkin Mathews and John Lane. My copy bears the date "mdcccxciv."

The Dent edition was limited to "five hundred copies for England and five hundred for America." Of the Letters, six hundred were printed for England. So far as I know, both are now out of print.

PAUL HORGAN.

New Mexico Military Institute.

Pyrrhist or Pyrronhist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

You have made trouble for innocent lexicographers in your article, "The Adventures of Libido," in your issue of February 2, by your use, on page 638, of "pyrrhist;"—middle of first column, and brazenly repeated toward the bottom of the second column.

The Librarian of the Springfield Library wrote to ask if we could throw any light on the word; and in due time, we shall get an abundance of queries, from sharp-eyed school-marms in Kansas, or New Hampshire, or South Africa, complaining bitterly, or chortling with the happiness of discovery, that the word is "not in Webster's New International"—or, in any dictionary. My tentative reply to Dr. Wellman, of the Library, is that "there ain't no sich animile,"—and that it was a slip, somehow, for "Pyrrhonism."

But—is there any authority for "pyrrhist,"—or is it an intentional coinage? I diagnosed the first one as, possibly, a mere typographical inadvertence. But then I bumped into the repetition—?

If you meant it, I protest. The gentleman's name was Πύρρων and you can't make a good "pyrrhist" out of that;—to say nothing of confusion with adjectival forms from Pyrrhus, who has the legitimate "Pyrrhic" already. And, from the standpoint of personal prejudice, I object to lower case use in such derivatives. You would not write miltonic, or virgilian, or socratic, or washingtonian . . . ?

We should be grateful for any information you can give. Of course, there may have been use of it, but our rather extensive files show no evidence, and no dictionary that I examined lists it.

H. L. PANGBORN.

"Webster's New International Dictionary."

Springfield, Mass.

Hands up! But I think that Huxley is guilty too. I shall call him a Pyrronhist.
—The Editor.

Feeble Editing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In your issue of February 2, Mr. A. D. Ficke suggests as one of the main causes for feeble reviewing the fact that reviewing is so meagerly paid, according to his reckoning the equivalent of fifty cents an hour. I thoroughly agree with him, and believe his logic applies as well to the editing of school editions of classics. The average editor receives from $50 to $100, depending on his standing, for his editorial labors. These consist usually of writing a ten or fifteen page "Introduction," and, in some cases, of supplying two or three pages of notes. Either there is not time for a thorough examination of the text itself or the pay is not adequate to cover all the labor and judgment involved. I have before me a handsome copy of "The Scarlet Letter," recently published by one of our best houses. Among some fifty aberrations in text, not counting divergences in punctuation, I find such gems as "had not been departed," "courser fibre," "unquestionable cruisers," "scourage" for "scourge," "imparted" for "imputed," "nervously" for "nervelessly," and many others. Clearly, if we want "guaranteed" texts and "Introductions" that are not too obviously dictated from the arm-chair we shall have to pay the editor a somewhat higher rate than that which we now give to student assistant theme readers.

ERNEST E. LEISY.

Southern Methodist University.

Admiral Buchanan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I am at present engaged in gathering material for a biography of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, and should be pleased to correspond with any one who may have letters, to or from or relating to Buchanan, or any other information bearing upon his career.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

GEORGE O. "POP" HART. Twenty-four Selections from his Work. Edited with an Introduction by HOLGER CAHILL. New York: The Downtown Gallery. 1929. $2.

This neatly printed thin octavo attractively covered with brown cartridge boards is the first of a series of monographs on Contemporary American Artists. We find an approximately even division between text and plates. The latter are collotypes, and of fine definition and tone. In this initial monograph the editorial burden has been light, for Mr. Hart has furnished by way of autobiography a miniature Odyssey of his fates and wanderings which needed only some interweaving of comment. This slight but still delicate task the editor has done with taste.

"Pop" Hart has reversed the ritual order of a painter's career. Where most artists attain fame and appreciation because they have painted well, one might maintain that he paints well because he was already famous and appreciated. This only pardonably exaggerates the situation. For years before Mr. Hart was taken seriously as a painter, he was a legend and a genial portent for his personality and his adventures by land and sea. He had beaten and worked his way to the ends of the earth, and had had a most narrow escape from marrying a Marquesan princess. Much of this is told entertainingly and unpretentiously in the thin book before us.

This picaresque glamour probably postponed due recognition of a real talent. As Whistler once remarked of the versatile Lord Leighton, it was felt that "Pop" Hart "also painted," and few took the pains to note how well and racily he painted. He is perhaps at his best in water color, the style being fat, exuberant, and rich in color. By preference he paints humble people of any race or hue that comes along. His is an art of sombrero and shirt sleeves, but a gallant and perceptive art at that. Indeed, at a moment when a forced expressionism divides the honors with an equally calculated pedantry, any painting at once so casual and so justly felt is refreshing.

In recent years Mr. Hart has cultivated etching and lithography with happy results, Eighty-two of these sheets are catalogued in this monograph. Technically he is quite various, painting rather than drawing with the needle. Besides the regular edition of this book there is an autographed limited edition of 250 copies, at ten dollars, each copy provided as frontispiece with an original lithograph which will not be printed separately.

Biography

THE PREPARATION OF STEWART BURTON NICHOLS. By MARTHA S. NICHOLS. Grafton Press. 1928.

This book, chronicling the life of a man who died at the age of twenty-five, is valuable chiefly as the revelation of a character of rare sweetness, promise, and charm. From boyhood to the two brief years when he represented Amherst at Doshisha University in Japan and on through to the year of his illness, he showed, with his many other qualities, a capacity for friendship that gave him an ungrudging admiration approaching hero worship from all who knew him. This it was his mother's delicate task to show. She chose, to do it, a method in which the fulness might sometimes seem to obscure the sought-for end, but which really serves to give the reader a more intimate view of her son's character, for even in the lively descriptions of his experiences in travelling—engrossing in themselves, and unpadded travel-diary—his character crops out, intense, interested in everything, humane-minded, and with a deep sense of humor. Drawing as much as possible from his vivid letters, diary, and few writings, Mrs. Nichols has filled in with a narrative that with reticence, yet a visible and justifiable pride in her son, reveals him to the reader.

To recommend the book as a record of the college life of a youth of the best type, or as the story of a two-years' trip abroad, arresting, yet without any journalistic trickery, would be unjust. It is more than either, or both. Mrs. Nichols has entitled the book "The Preparation . . .," and after her son's character, really greater than in her modesty she dare affirm, has been made to live again for the reader, we ask, as she does, what is the inexplicable reason for such tragedies? We can answer only according to our faith; yet in her presentation of this man there is a challenge to our faith.

WILLIAM HARVEY. By *Archibald Malloch.* Hoeber. $1.50.

THE PEDRO GORINO. By *Captain Harry Dean* and *Sterling North.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THOSE WAR WOMEN. By *One of Them.* Coward-McCann. $2.50.

LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY WAY. By *T. M. Healy.* Stokes. 2 vols. $10.

THE IMPURITANS. By *Harvey Wickham.* Dial. $3.50.

LAENNEC. By *Gerald B. Webb.* Hoeber. $2.

INTELLIGENT LIVING. By *Austen Fox Riggs, M.D.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

A TEXAS TITAN. By *John M. Oskison.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PICK UP THE PIECES. By *North* 3-1. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

BITTER BIERCE. By *C. Hartley Grattan.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

HERMAN MELVILLE. By *Lewis Mumford.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

THOMAS SHADWELL. By *Albert S. Borgman.* New York University Press.

SIR EDMUND HORNBY. *An Autobiography.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Fiction

AMAZON OF THE DESERT. By P. N. KRASSNOFF. Duffield. 1928. $2.50.

Everyone, the saying runs, has in the experience of a lifetime material for one significant story. General Krassnoff had unusual material, and used it admirably, in his two-volume first novel of Russia in war and revolution, "From Double Eagle to Red Flag." At least so far as his new book gives evidence, that was his one story. "Amazon of the Desert" is material for the movies—all about a grumpy old Cossack officer, contentedly commanding an isolated frontier post among the mountains of Central Asia; the unexpected arrival of a beautiful tomboy niece; expeditions and forays; the inevitable hopeless love affair; the indispensable rapscallion rival; his impossible rescue from an Oriental dungeon by the indefatigable uncle, after a reprehensible escapade across the Chinese frontier; the incredible miraculous escape from the pursuers; the improbable but requisite final surrender of the young beauty to the old bear. Readers in their early 'teens will like it—as will other readers of the same mental age.

THE SPECTACLES OF DR. CAGLIOSTRO. By HARRY STEPHEN KEELER. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

Add to the literary attacks on the existing order of things one mystery story. Mr. Keeler thinks that the handling of the problem of insanity in our public institutions leaves much to be desired. He also has a suspicion that the science of psychoanalysis, as it sprang full-panoplied from the head of Dr. Freud, leaves something to be desired on the side of scientific exactness. And to the end that he may properly make mock of "the cracks and greasy spots on the social wallpaper," he has devised a quite acceptable tangled plot. Quite obviously, however, the tangle interests him less than the psychiatrists and the lunatics, and the reader is glad enough to have it so.

Jerry Melbourne is the son of a Chicago millionaire who for some inscrutable reason has kept his son hidden away in Australia all his life. The father dies and young Jerry crosses the world to collect his inheritance, only to discover that he has been left nothing but a pair of ungainly blue spectacles, which his father's will requests that he wear for a year, in settlement of a bet which the father has lost to the general manager of the estate, the villain of the piece. Things happen with a bewildering rapidity, and the upshot of them is that Jerry finds himself incomprehensively committed to a state institution for the insane. The question of how a sane man without friends can get out of such a place, in case someone on the outside has an interest in keeping him there, interests Mr. Keeler greatly, and it would seem to be a very interesting question. The author's picture of the inmates of such a place and the routine of life in it is absorbing. Of course the plot neatly untangles itself in the end.

(*Continued on next page*)

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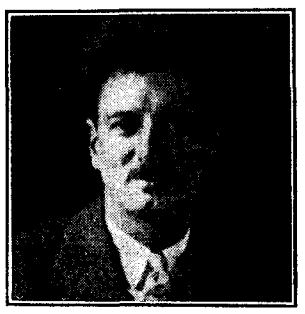

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The Literary Guild Selection for March

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"Carlyle was a loud and angry barker, but a feeble biter . . . ."

wrote Sir Edmund Hornby, a staunch and sturdy Briton, whose autobiography ($5.00) throws strong light on Victorian England. "No more entertaining book of the kind has been given to the public for a long time," said the *London Observer*. "Few people can have enjoyed a more picturesque life, and he tells us all about it with an admirable gusto."

"*Mr. Mackail makes even walking upstairs exciting,*" says the *Boston Transcript* of Denis Mackail's delightful new novel ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD ($2.50). *The New York Herald Tribune* adds, "It is high comedy about a group of splendidly natural British youngsters in a vein of priceless fun."

"*I would sacrifice a ton of self-styled histories for such a book as this,*" wrote *Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart* of A FATALIST AT WAR by Rudolf Binding, German poet, novelist, philosopher ($3.75). And the *London Spectator* called it, "A book so beautiful and tragic, so full of caustic wit and brilliant observations, and yet with passages of such sheer lyric poetry, that it is worthy even of the birth-pangs of war."

He dreamed of a Black Empire as he traded along the African coast and struggled through her steaming jungles. Captain Harry Dean's wanderings are ended, but their memory lives in a stormy and magnificent book of reminiscences, THE PEDRO GORINO ($3.50).

"*The truth about human beings is never what the world pretends it is,*" says Osbert Burdett, biographer of Beardsley Blake and Gladstone. Mr. Burdett's new book, THE BROWNINGS ($4.00) is a study of a unique love story for nowhere else is there a record of two human beings equally matched in genius and passion, and equally faithful in living up to their deals.

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Boston ~~~

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THE lines quoted below (somewhat corrected from the version sent to me) have been running in the head of *W. H. L.*, New York, for two weeks, since a friend in Paris who found them quoted by André Maurois asked for their source. Everyone he consulted could all but recite the verses, but no one could be sure of the author, though everyone guessed the same man:—

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

When a stanza has thus broken loose from its moorings of authorship and of context, and hangs hauntingly around the general consciousness, the chances are that Swinburne wrote it. This time he wrote it in "The Garden of Proserpine." There must be at least a dozen lovely passages that have been thus drawn away from the poet and into the current of life; who knows or cares what the title of the poem may be whence comes "Let us go hence and rest: she will not love," or "Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow," or "If love were what the rose is, and I were like the leaf," or "Ask nothing more of me, sweet; all I can give you I give," or "I will go back to the great sweet mother—." The only other modern I can think of whose verses have thus swum away from him is Ernest Dowson. Perhaps this may be for the same reason that marks so many heavenly airs, "Composer unknown." A lovely tune, melting into the air that no man may possess, may soon lose ownership.

This column has an iron rule that nothing is to be done about quotations. But every now and then one comes along that may not be denied, and what is the use of being a department if you may not depart from your own rules? So I may as well tell *H. H., Tacoma, Washington,* that Mr. Kallen was within his rights in saying, on page 550 of this review, that "the rest is on the lap of the Gods. To date, the laps of the Gods are clean." H. H. has seen both "knees" and "laps" given thus indirectly to the immortals when this quotation has been used, and thinks one or the other should be taboo, and how about capitalizing the deities? According to the fount of my classical scholarship, "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk & Wagnalls) the nearest to the original (Homer: Iliad, Book XVII, 514) is "That lies in the laps of the gods." But other versions sanctioned by long usage are: "Yet verily these issues lie on the lap of the gods," "But these things in the God's Knees are repos'd," "And yet the period of these designes, lye in the Knees of Gods," so that Mr. Kallen might even have capitalized the laps without departing too far from the usage.

Further inquiries about sources of quotations—unless they are those the editor does not have to look up—should be sent to the *Boston Transcript;* at least that is the direction in which I have been diverting traffic for a great while, without permission but without complaint.

E. W., New York, on behalf of a club studying the British Empire, asks for a brief list of novels, preferably by Australian authors, but certainly with the scene laid in Australia, from which one may be chosen for a book review on the day the club discusses this part of the world.

NOT many novels with an Australian scene are now in print in America. One of the best, the first volume of a trilogy with the general title "Richard Mahoney," by Henry Handel Richardson, appeared in this country (Holt) some ten years or more ago, but it went out of print and the others were, so far as I know, never published here. The series has just been completed and now runs "Australia Felix," "The Way Home," and "Ultima Thule," published in England by Heinemann. It is a life-story of uncommon power and uncompromising sincerity, and I do not think it will send any young doctors emigrating to the Antipodes. "The Boy in the Bush," by D. H. Lawrence (A. & C. Boni), was written in collaboration with an Australian novelist, Miss Skinner; the sense of color and of atmosphere is even more vivid than in his own Australian novel, "Kangaroo." I think the safest choice for a club review is "Working Bullocks," by Katharine Susannah Prichard (Viking). This is a story of the logging district, robust, and straining with the spirit of the place and the people; the likenesses and differences of its life from life in other pioneer parts of the world make it congenial to the American reader. "The Sower of the Wind," by Richard Dehan (Little, Brown), takes place in Western Australia and concerns the untrammeled affection of a pearler for a lady of means who turns out to be a Bhingi, thus introducing the race problem as it develops down under. The author is stronger in religion than in rhetoric; her style is tortuous and high-flown.

E. B., Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada, far from all bookstores, would send for the Modern Library edition of Lawrence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," by Rabelais, if assured that these are neither abridged or expurgated.

THE Modern Library "Tristram Shandy" is complete and unabridged, and this means unexpurgated. The Modern Library "Gargantua and Pantagruel" is edited, with an introduction by Donald Douglas. It contains the Four Books of Rabelais, condensed into one volume.

W. L. S., Cleveland, O., has asked several booksellers and librarians for a guidebook to Spain of recent publication, but finds only the pre-war Baedeker. Has anything as dependable as Baedeker been issued within the past few years?

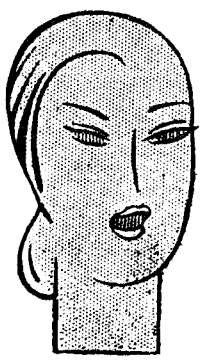
THE fourth edition, 1913, of Baedeker is the latest that we have, though a Blue Guide, "Spain and Portugal," by Findlay Muirhead (Macmillan), is in process of preparation to add to this excellent group of guidebooks. Though some of Baedeker's information, especially on prices, may need revision, on the whole it is dependable, and it is generally used by travellers. "Travelling Light" (Brentano) is a brief and practical pocket guide to Spain and Morocco, lately issued. There are several recent books that cover the ground, if not in guidebook fashion; one is "Pleasant Days in Spain," by Nancy Cox-McCormack (Sears), the American sculptor, and another is "New Trails in Old Spain," by Vernon Howe Bailey (Sears), both of these illustrated. "Spain in a Two-Seater," by Halford Ross (Brentano), goes in by way of Brittany, the Vendée, Guyenne, and Gascony; it would be good for planning a tour by automobile, for it attends to many practical details. There is much about inns, of which one in Gascony is described, from an old list, as "good—with horrors." "Santander," by E. Allison Peers (Knopf), is another recent book about Spain, and there is a new guide to Castile, called "Spain from the South" (Knopf), by J. B. Trend, whose writings on Spain are well known, while Salvador de Madariaga has lately given us, in "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards" (Oxford University Press), a valuable study of national characteristics.

M. O., Concord, N. H., needs travel books about Wales.

THERE is a Blue Guide, "Wales" (Macmillan), and a pair of books about the country are in the Highways and Byways series (Macmillan); "Highways and Byways in North Wales," by A. G. Bradley, who has written a similar one for South Wales. The same author has written also "In Praise of North Wales" (Houghton Mifflin). "Gallant Little Wales," by Jeannette Marks (Houghton Mifflin), is a spirited book about the country, with several indicated tours, and there is a Welsh section in J. J. Hissey's "Leisurely Tour in England" (Macmillan). The prospective traveller will find plenty of local color in the novels of Hilda Vaughn, especially in her latest one, "The Invader" (Harpers), and there is, even more than that, a humorous and completely understanding attitude in regard to certain important characteristics that have not been always either understood or taken humorously.

C. L. S., Somerset, Pa., asks for books about Mustafa Kemal pasha.

HE figures largely in "An Englishwoman in Angora," by Grace Ellison (Dutton), and in Price's "The Rebirth of Turkey" (Liveright), and in the two rich records of the life of Halidé Edib, "Memoirs of Halidé Edib" and "The Turkish Ordeal," both published by the Century Co.



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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Children's Books of Long Ago

By WILBUR MACEY STONE

CHERISHED in the hearts of most of us is a sentimental affection for the books of our childhood. Whenever we hear the old fairy stories and tales of adventure mentioned, we are immediately on the *qui vive* and anxious to rehearse our remembrances. So perhaps those who now must select books for their children or grandchildren will be pleased to retrace their steps and venture again among the books they loved and to go even farther into the dim past where they will find the ancient originals of some of the books still popular. Our object is as extensive as the history of the world, for I am sure the children of the cave dwellers were properly thrilled with the picture writing scratched on the cave walls by their elders. But let us be satisfied to take up our quest with the invention of printing in Europe, which was not quite half a century before Columbus instituted the transatlantic ferry service.

The growing interest in children's books of the past has manifested itself recently in several notable exhibitions of these ephemera of the nursery. In October and November of last year the Newark Public Library had more than forty cases of old juveniles on view. In November and December the same collection was shown in the Boston Public Library. In December last, Harper's Boys' and Girls' Bookshop in New York displayed several hundred examples, and even the dignified old Grolier Club put on an exhibition of early old books for children. Also, as the Grolier Club never does anything in a small way, its show contained many of the rarest and most desirable items that have survived.

This revival of interest began with the showing in 1927 at the New York Public Library of Dr. Rosenbach's superb collection of American juveniles. In that collection are numerous early little books of which only one copy of each is known, an assemblage calculated to make the ordinary collector's heart bleed.

In view of the physical insignificance of most old juveniles and the often ragged condition in which they are found, a very pertinent question arises: "What is there in these little old rags to attract the collector?" I have been pursuing this quest for thirty odd years, so perhaps I can answer the question. For one thing, the personality which exudes from them is alluring. The dignified collector, or the collector of dignified volumes, is very keen for association copies, that is, such copies as were owned and used by the great and near great. Among juveniles there are many volumes which bear the marks of ownership of those lost to fame, but such books are often rich in sentimental value. Who could resist cherishing a copy of "Infantine Stories, composed progressively in words of one, two, and three syllables, adorned with excellent engravings," published in London in 1810, which bears on its flyleaf in laboriously executed penmanship "Lilla Busfield, for taking pains with her Reading"? Lilla is quite unknown to us now, but one can picture a demure little girl in long skirts, pantalettes, and poke bonnet, with a kerchief crossed over her breast, "taking pains with her reading." In fact, one of the "excellent engravings" with which the book is "adorned" shows a little girl who, I am sure, looked just like Lilla. Some of these little old books were passed down in the family as the original owners outgrew them. "Rose and Agnes, or the Dangers of Partiality, A moral Tale, London, 1809," is inscribed, in the "elegant" penmanship of the time, "Elizabeth Drewe Band Dec. 26th, 1809, The Gift of her Aunt Mrs. C. Penruddocke." Elizabeth grew up, and ten years later, in a somewhat cramped hand, added the following: "& given her sister D. Penruddocke Band on her birthday Dec. 7, 1819." Perhaps Elizabeth was short of pocket money and was thus able to make a generous gesture without expense.

Of course, rarity is a prime attraction not only in juveniles but in the book collecting game in general. To possess a volume the companion to which does not exist, or at least has not yet turned up, gives a thrill even to the hardened collector. Sometimes such choice bits are truly gifts of the gods, thrust upon one out of a clear sky. About a year ago an acquaintance in a small New England village who combines book collecting with occasional reluctant book selling, so that he may collect more books, sent me on approval fifteen time-stained leaves of a little book, a bit over three inches tall, accompanied by a modest bill. These proved to be portions of a copy of an early edition of "The Holy Bible in Verse," a popular juvenile of the first quarter of the eighteenth century. After some searching of records I was delighted to find that these leaves, including a perfect title page dated 1724, were the only remains on record of a copy of an unknown edition. This little book is of particular interest because it was issued and probably written by Benjamin Harris, to whom is ascribed the origin of our celebrated "New England Primer." In fact, the "Holy Bible in Verse" contains the same little pictures which were used in the earliest known copy of the "New England Primer." So, the gods were kind!

A HANGING

But enough for the moment about the appeal of juveniles. I hope, as we progress in our review, to make evident the basis of their allure. As this story cannot possibly be crowded into one issue, we will follow the classic example of that bugbear of the beginner in Latin, Cæsar, and, as with ancient Gaul, this article will be divided into three parts:

I. CHAPBOOKS AND BROADSIDES, covering the subject up to the middle of the eighteenth century.

II. FLOWERY AND GILT, which will tell about the golden age of the juvenile, when children's books were small and beautiful, 1750 to 1830.

III. PINAFORES AND PANTALETTES, which is descriptive of the dress of the little girls in the early part of the reign of Victoria. The books of the period were as prim and precise as the youngsters who owned them.

So now to begin with the ancient matter.

I. CHAPBOOKS AND BROADSIDES

It was stated earlier in this article that children's books were at least as old as the history of printing. The first issue of the Gutenberg press, antedating even the celebrated Bible, was an ABC book. Caxton's "Golden Legend" was essentially a juvenile. It was made up of legendary tales of the saints and immediately became a best seller, equally interesting to the common people and to children.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century popular tales of wonder and mystery in cheap form attained wide circulation in England. These were printed in black letter, the accepted type of the day, such as Caxton used. While I have read with much interest, black-letter copies of "Valentine and Orson," "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," and others, this old and obscure printing is difficult reading, and I am sure the children of those days found it pretty hard sledding.

In the seventeenth century this style of publication included a great variety of hero stories and nursery tales. Collectors of these ephemeral sheets appeared early. Pepys gathered a quantity of contemporary black-letter chapbooks which are now among the treasures of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Boswell's collection of the chapbooks of his day is in the Harvard library.

No adequate history of children's books has yet been written. "When and if," in

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the language of the bond salesman, it is, it will rival in extent Dr. Eliot's famous shelfful.

The present brief story will attempt to point out a few landmarks in the little pilgrim's progress, but it will be particularly conspicuous, I fear, for its omissions.

Chapbooks and broadsides were the early forms of the folk-tale and of nursery literature. Chap means cheap, the chapman was the pedler of cheap wares, including chapbooks and broadsides. Autolycus is our classic example. The chapmen were later called running stationers, and the commercial travelers of to-day are their direct descendants.

Shopping in the olden days meant cheapening. The earlier meaning of the word, however, as well as the practice from which it derived, are now largely departed. We no longer go to Altman's or Lord & Taylor's to "cheapen." On Hester Street, to be sure, among the pushcarts, and in the antique shops, among the discarded monstrosities of other days, cheapening is still practised. Cheapside in London is an echo of the days of the chapman. It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.

* *

While much of the juvenile literature of early times was filled with both bitter and sugary advice on religion and morals, nevertheless there were many shockers and thrillers for the worldly. Even the surfeited child of to-day could not but be deeply intrigued by that popular volume, "Valentine and Orson, the Two Sons of the Emperour of Greece, Newly Corrected and Amended, with new Pictures, Lively Expressing the History." This was printed in black letter in edition after edition by T. Passenger at the Sign of the Three Bibles, on the middle of London Bridge, about 250 years ago. At that time London Bridge had houses built on it, all the way across, and this was a favorite location for the book sellers.

The "new pictures" featured on the title page were, alas, by no means new, and the publisher did not scruple to use the same cut several times in the same volume. But as this particular book was a chronicle of just one fight after another, the repeating of the combat scene served very well.

Valentine and Orson were twin sons of the Emperor of Greece. They were born in a wood under distressing circumstances and while Valentine was rescued and reared in a palace, poor Orson was stolen directly after his birth by a bear and grew up into a wild man. Later the brothers meet and fight, and wild Orson is led captive by Valentine. Through an oracle they learn that they are brothers, and, of course, live happily ever after.

Our chosen illustration, from a woodcut, shows a bit of the early history of our two heroes, plainly labeled for our edification. Even in 1682, editors were careful not to offend the susceptibilities of their readers. The introduction closes with "Yea, here are all the Varieties and Passages that may furnish forth a history fit for a Reader's pleasure, for no unseemly words or speeches are herein contained, but such as are modestly carried." As early as 1682, Valentine and Orson was an ancient tale, for the editor adds, "Considering all which, I am now encouraged to put this Old Story into a New Livery, and not to suffer that to lie Buried, that a little Cost may keep Alive. And so (Gentle Reader) craving thy kind Acceptance, I wish thee as much willingness to the Reading, as I have been forward in the Printing: And so I End. Farewell."

* *

A second illustration, from the same book, shows two noble knights about to clash in a tournament. Two haughty kings occupy the middle background, the rabble stands on either side, and the soldiers fill up the rear of the picture. A subsequent cut in the book shows one of the knights unhorsed with the victor standing over him threateningly. In its early editions the story of Valentine and Orson is stretched out to great length, making a book of more than two hundred pages. In later editions, particularly of the chapbook type, the tale is told in sixteen pages. In a copy printed about 1780 "for the Company of Walking Stationers," the title page has this alluring verse:

Reader, you'll find this little Book contains
Enough to answer thy expense and pains;
And if with caution you will read it through,
'Twill both instruct, and delight thee too.

In the early nineteenth century the book was entitled "Valentine and Orson, or the Wild Man of the Wood," and one edition for children was "corrected and adapted for juvenile readers of the present time by a Lady." Even though this edition has a gorgeous folding colored frontispiece in eight compartments, I am sure the "Lady" took all the animation out of the very exciting original and served a spiceless tale to her readers.

"The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom, Printed for John Back, at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge, 1696," was another popular tale of the same period. This is also in black letter, and, of course, features St. George of England in the first story. This book was reprinted in chapbook form for at least two centuries.

One of the most popular outdoor sports of our English ancestors was attending hangings. Up to the early part of the nineteenth century, men, and even women, were hung for such trivial offenses as stealing a sheep or for robbing a man of five dollars. So there was a constant procession of victims on the way to the scaffold. This useful instrument of punishment was erected on the village green and our third illustration shows a poor wretch about to step off. One of the solaces accorded to him was the liberty to compose and have printed his dying words of confession and warning. The man on the ladder is presenting a copy of his remarks to one of the bystanders, while the hangman above is adjusting the rope. Such cuts were used to illustrate these confession sheets, which were highly popular reading for both old and young.

VALENTINE AND ORSON

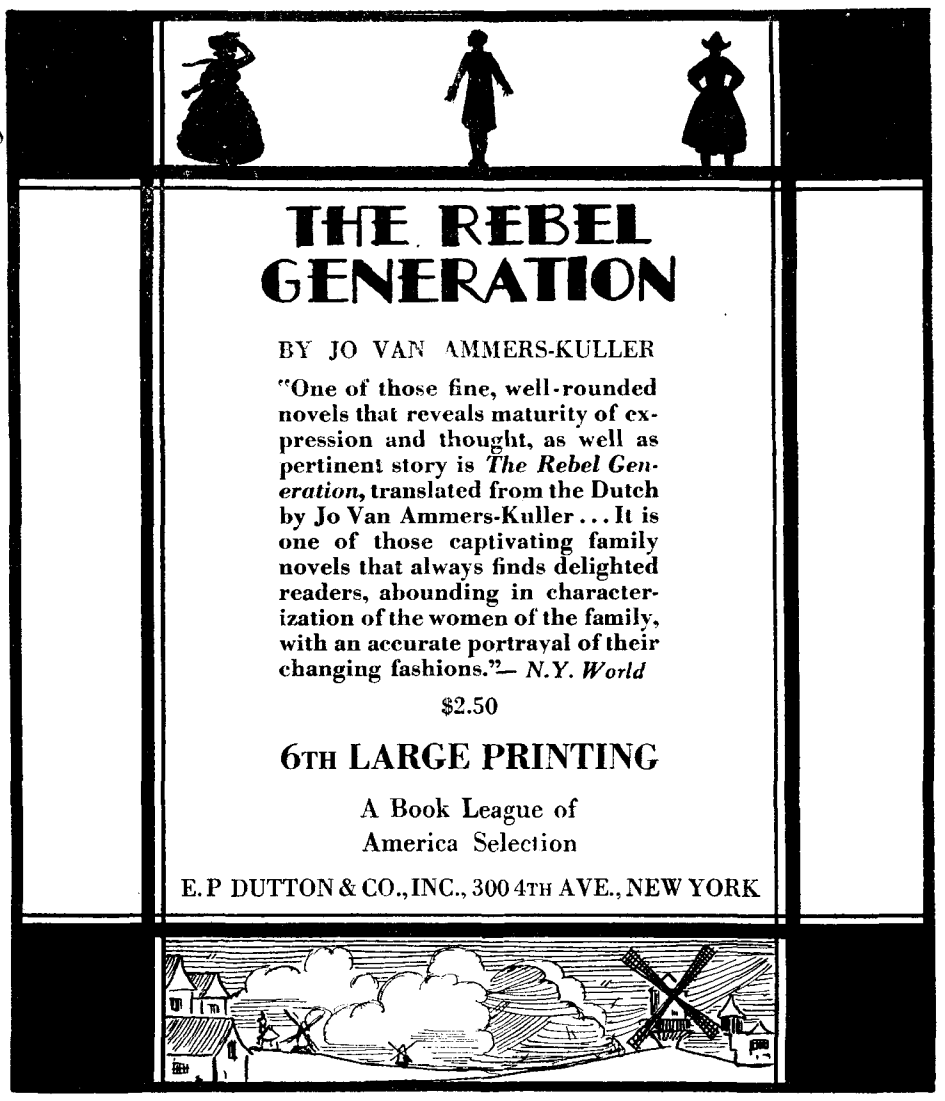
But let us turn now to a more cheerful subject. "The Father's Blessing Penn'd for the Instruction of his Children. Containing Godly and Delightful Verses, Riddles, Fables, Jests and other useful Matters to allure Children to Read. Adorn'd with 24 cuts. London, Printed for G. Conyers, at the Ring in Little-Britain" was issued about 1710 and is a handy little volume full of winning merriment. The last section contains a series of riddles each with a small woodcut.

* *

The broadsheet was contemporary with the chapbook and was circulated by the chapman with his other wares. It was usually a single sheet about fourteen by nine inches, on one side of which was printed a ballad or a story, accompanied by one or more crude cuts. Juvenile broadsheets are hard to find, but a few have survived. The children in the wood was a popular subject and some of the sheets had a glorified alphabet for instruction.

And now we have scant space for a few more early ABC books. The earliest known ABC book in English exists in a single copy in the library of Cambridge University in England. It was printed by Thomas Petyt about 1538 and is, of course, in black letter. The contents of the first page is substantially the same as used on the horn books of the time and during the succeeding two centuries.

The horn-book was a clever invention to preserve a child's lesson sheet from the often grimy hands of the little owner. A small board of oak with a handle, carried, on a bit of paper, the ABCs, the syllabarium, the invocation, and the Lord's prayer. This was covered with a sheet of transparent horn which was held in place by strips of brass nailed down about the border. Some horn-books, for the gentry, were more elaborate, the board being covered with leather and stamped on the back with a design. The first row of letters was called the Criss-cross, or Christ's cross row, as it always began with the imprint of a cross, which was an indication to the child to cross himself and ask a blessing before venturing into the mysteries of "larnin'". Our Puritan ancestors scratched out the cross, as savoring of papacy. A child who was backward in acquiring its letters was held up to scorn as one who had not mastered its criss-cross row.



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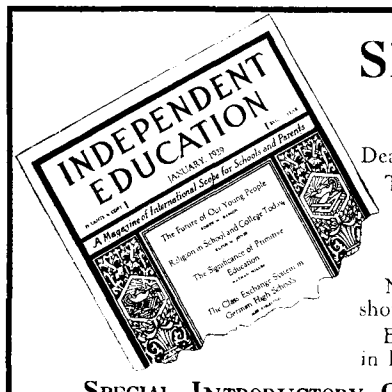
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 760*)

THE DARK ISLAND. By CHARLES COLLINS and GENE MARKEY. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This is a satisfactory, if conventional, story of adventure. Sunken treasure, savage South Sea islanders, assorted rascals, a native seductress, and a beautiful white girl—these are the shifting elements of the plot through which the story-book hero finally wins his story-book happiness. There is nothing in "The Dark Island" to surprise or annoy a reader who wishes a romantic escape from everyday life. For a short while we hoped that Griff Harkness, the hero, would defeat the formula and capitulate to the native seductress, but he remains truly noble and emerges from the danger a modern Joseph Andrews.

SALAMMBO. By *Gustave Flaubert*. Modern Library.

A DEAD MAN DIES. By *Percy Marks*. Century. $2.50.

COCHRANE, THE UUCONQUERABLE. By *Archibald D. Turnbull* and *Norman R. Van der Veer*. Century. $2.50.

THE BRAND OF THE SEA. By *Knud Andersen*. Century. $2.50.

THE BRIDE'S HOUSE. By *Dawn Powell*. Brentanos. $2.50.

LEFT IN TRUST. By *Juliet Wilbor Tompkins*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS. By *Phyllis E. Bentley*. Henkle. $2.50.

PEACH BLOSSOM. By *Hugo Wast*. Longmans, Green. $2.

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THE LOVER. By *Naomi Royde-Smith*. Harpers. $2.50.

SON OF THE GODS. By *Rex Beach*. Harpers. $2.

THE SECRET OF SEA-DREAM HOUSE. By *Albert Payson Terhune*. Harpers. $2.

THE DISTANT STARS. By *Elizabeth Carfrae*. Harpers. $2.

BACK TO STAY. By *Jonathan Leonard*. Viking.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE. By *Thomas Hardy*. Harpers.

THUMBCAP WEIR. By *Frances Gilmor*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

PLUM BUN. By *Jessie Redmon Fauset*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE FRONTIERSMAN. By *Harold Bindloss*. Stokes. $2.

STORIES FROM SA'-DI'S BUSTAN AND GULISTAN. Stokes.

LAMIEL. By *Stendhal*. Translated by *Jacques le Clercq*. Brentanos. $2.50.

ASCENSIONS. By *Thomas L. Masson*. Century. $2.50.

CLOTH OF GOLD. By *Elsyth Thane*. Stokes. $2.

SAND CASTLE. By *Walter Millis*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

REPRESENTATIVE MODERN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Alexander Jessup*. Macmillan.

QUEEN CLEOPATRA. By *Talbot Munday*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE LIONESS. By *Ferdinand Ossendowski*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE INSIDER. By *Alice Beal Parsons*. Dutton. $2.50.

PLUNDERED HOST. By *Fowler Hill*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE SPLENDID SILENCE. By *Alan Sullivan*. Dutton. $2.50.

RAG OPERA. By *Harlan Ware* and *James Prindle*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE AVENGING BROTHERHOOD. By *Ivan Tattersall*. McBride. $2.

THE TALISMAN OF KUBLA KHAN. By *Mrs. Alfred Wingate*. McBride. $2.50 net.

THE RECLUSE OF FIFTH AVENUE. By *Wyndham Martin*. McBride. $2 net.

HIGH WATER. By *Bettie Johnson Sutcliffe*. Grafton.

FIRST LOVE. By *Charles Morgan*. *Knopf*. $2.50.

THE PERSIANS ARE COMING. By *Bruno Frank*. Knopf. $2.

WIFE TO PILATE. By *Mary Grainger*. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

SUPERINTENDENT WILSON'S HOLIDAY. By *G. D. H.* and *M. Cole*. Payson & Clarke. $2.

THE BLACK ACE. By *George Dilnot*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

MIDGE. By *Mary Frances Shuford*. Appleton. $1.75.

STILLBORN. By *Lillian Eichler*. Appleton. $2.

THE LINDEN WALK TRAGEDY. By *Foxhall Daingerfield*. Appleton. $2.

THE GRAND MANNER. By *Louis Kronenberger*. Liveright.

THE PARSON OF PANAMINT. By *Peter B. Kyne*. Cosmopolitan.

THE AMBER WITCH. By *W. Meinhold*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

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HUMDRUM. By *Harold Acton*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

INTERLUDE. By *Frank Thiess*. Knopf. $2.50.

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AZURE CITIES. International. $2.50.

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RENO. By *Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.* Macaulay. $2.

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THE GOLD BUG. By *Edgar Allan Poe*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

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MEN CALL ME FOOL. By *Dan Totheroh*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

QUEEN DICK. By *Nalbro Bartley*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

MURDER ON "B" DECK. By *Vincent Starrett*. Crime Club. $2 net.

MEET THE TIGER! By *Leslie Charteris*. Crime Club. $2 net.

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL. By *Rabelais*. Edited by *Donald Douglas*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

TRISTRAM SHANDY. By *Laurence Sterne*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

Juvenile

MISS ANGELINA ADORABLE. By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. Illustrated by JANET LAURA SCOTT. Milton Bradley. 1928. $1.50.

Here is a fairy tale adventure book with very gay, imaginative illustration and decorations and large print. It revolves about a little six year old girl and her adorable doll, Angelina, who runs away with sympathizing people and toys to live in a hidden field and a deserted house. They find it a bit uncomfortable, keep sending back for more things and people, and finally, when it has rained a while, decide to go back home in spite of the prospect of a visit from some unpleasant cousins and a great many peas to shell.

THE DREAM HILLS OF HAPPY COUNTRY. By ETHEL and FRANK OWEN. Abingdon. 1928. $1.50.

This is a book of fresh little wonder tales for children from six to ten, with healthy morals imbedded in the adventures of real children with fairies and animals. In the magic Tree House where elves stored up sunbeams and happy dreams for sick children, we find searchlight Bill, who slid down a searchlight beam from the sky, and showed Bobby how badly the garden looked when he refused to weed it, and many others. The total effect would have been better artistically if the morals had been left with less explanation and we think the children still would have got the points. But children do not mind such things as much as grown ups if the stories are amusing enough—and these are.

THE FARM TWINS. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $1.75.

Another charming little pair step forth to take their place in the long line of delightful children whose existence we owe to Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins. These last are the youngest of the group, mere babies, but quite adorable and real, from the exciting moment of their mysterious appearance in the clothes basket to the latest of their tiny adventures in the year of placid farm life through which the story takes them.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilly are the model owners of the model farm where the twins make their unexplained but very welcome arrival. The farm had lacked nothing but a little boy and girl to make it quite complete, and with their coming all is happiness and sunshine. The dog and cat and all the details of country life are part of the pleasant picture, and the whole is lighted with that gentle humor which makes Mrs. Perkins's stories beloved by children and gratefully received by the long suffering parent who must read aloud.

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A New Bibliography

EARLY AMERICAN FICTION, 1774-1830. By OSCAR WEGELIN. Third edition, corrected and enlarged. New York: Peter Smith. 1929. $5.

THIS, the third edition, corrected and enlarged—the first appeared in 1902 and was followed by a reprint in 1913—of Mr. Wegelin's standard bibliography serves again to call attention to the American novelists of the Revolution and the period immediately after the War of 1812. To readers of the present day—if, of course, any exist—the names in this bibliography will be, for the most part, entirely without meaning: Mrs. Rowson, Mungo Coultershoggle, and Catharine Maria Sedgwick, undoubtedly estimable representatives of their period, awaken no associations, and arouse little curiosity, even among antiquarians. Charles Brockden Brown is at last commencing to emerge from his former complete obscurity, but James Fenimore Cooper still suggests sentimental savages, and little else. But since the race of collectors seems to increase with each day, it is as well, perhaps, to point out the few literary regions that remain unexploited and reasonably inexpensive.

Mr. Wegelin's book, within the limits he has set himself—his authors were either born in North America, north of the Mexican border, or resided there—is an excellent piece of work, carefully planned and carried out. He gives transcriptions of title-pages, together with whatever additional information he considers essential, and does not hesitate to point out the volumes he has not himself actually seen. The collector, however, who thrives on variant issues, and to whom the absence of a chapter numeral is an added excitement, will be disappointed—there is no mention of binding, and no discussion of "points." If the work had attempted the scope of P. K. Foley's "American Authors, 1795-1895," such notes would have been essential, but in the present instance there is no need of criticism. Mr. Wegelin has done an admirable thing in revising his work, and in reissuing it in its present suitable form; it can only be hoped that the Foley bibliography, long out of print, will be treated in the same manner, and be made at least into an approximation of the Ashley Library catalogue for the benefit of the entire range of American literature.

G. M. T.

Current Exhibitions

THE American Institute of Graphic Arts announces the opening of the "Fifty Prints of the Year" (1929) at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York, on March 4. The meeting will be addressed by Walter Pach, Esq., the one-man jury for this year's exhibition. The showing will be open daily through the month of March from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., except Sundays and holidays.

IN the Grand Central Palace at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 46th Street there is an interesting exhibition of Russian peasant handicraft which includes a good number of prints and books. The books are rather poorly arranged for examination, and, as might be expected, are not of unusual merit. They are, however, interesting, with characteristic Russian designs and use of color. Some of the wood engravings are decidedly interesting both in technical method and in composition: in fact they seem to me more interesting and expressive than the color prints.

R.

Kipling Exhibition

KIPLING items to the number of over six hundred are on exhibition at the Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street, New York, beginning February 22 and extending through March.

The very large number and the extraordinary rarity of some of the items in this exhibition make it a notable one. I suspect that even book-collectors will be a bit astonished at the multiplicity of titles, and surely printers will be shocked and ashamed of the utterly wretched printing of so much of his earlier work—though printing in the Far East has never been better than very bad.

The basis of the exhibition is a large collection of items from one of the most famous of American collections, and this has been reinforced by additions from various other sources.

Included in the exhibition are: probably unique copies of "The City of Dreadful Night," and "Letters of Marque," all three known copies of "His Excellency, Eric Oakley Hogan," four of the known six copies of "The Smith Administration," the first separate issues in parts of "Rewards and Fairies," his schoolboy lyrics printed by his father and mother while he was still at school, newspaper, and magazine cuttings containing the first appearance of Kipling items, letters, association copies, proof sheets, original MSS., Kipling drawings, etc., etc.

R.

Short Notes

MAURICE INMAN, Inc., New York, representing the Cresset Press of London, announce the publication of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in two volumes, 10x14 inches, on Kelmscott paper, printed in Cloister type under direction of the Shakespeare Head Press. There will be 195 copies at $140 for the paper edition, and ten copies on vellum, full bound in leather, at $1,260. There will be ten gorgeous wood engravings by Mr. Blair Stanton and Miss Gertrude Hermes.

THE *New Republic Bookshop* advertises in a full page in that weekly that it is desirous of receiving inquiries about the work of any contemporary American or foreign wood-engraver, and that it has on exhibition at 419 West 21st Street engravings by several foreign artists. The exhibition of wood-engravings by book-stores is no new thing, but there is an inclusiveness about this advertisement that I like.

R.

WITH the prospectus of one of their forthcoming publications, the Pynson Printers have included a brief check-list of their imprints to date. Such a list has always a bibliographical value, and this particular one, giving as it does much information in a small space, is so excellent a contribution to the bibliography of a distinguished American press that it is to be hoped the majority of copies sent out will be preserved as they deserve to be.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby, London. March 4-5. An Extensive Collection of Books of Shakespearean interest, Tudor and Stuart Literature, etc., the property of a Collector. Alabaster's "Roxana," 1632, the first authorized edition, with the earliest representation of the interior of an English theatre on the title-page; several collections of auction sales catalogues, 1773-1858; the Hoe copy of Bandello's "Histoires Tragiques," seven volumes, Rouen, 1603-1604; the first edition of Cæsar's "Gallic War" in English, translated by Arthur Goldinge, 1565; a presentation copy of William Camden's "Britannia," 1586; Sir John Harington's "Most Elegant and Witty Epigrams," 1618; Akenside, "Pleasures of Imagination," 1744; William Byrd's "Songs of Sundrie Natures," 1589; Dryden's "The Conquest of Granada," 1672, and "All for Love," 1678; the dedication copy of Fletcher's "Purple Island," 1633; Abraham Fraunce's "The Lawurs Logike," London, imprinted by William How, 1588; William Lambard's "Eirenarcha," 1592; Ovid's "Heroycall Epistles," translated by George Turberville, 1567; Ronsard's "L'Œuvres," the first collected edition, volumes 1, 3, and 4 only, Paris, 1560; Wither's "Abuses Stript," 1613; a presentation copy of John Selden's "Titles of Honour," 1614, to William Camden; Thomas Watson's "Holsome and Catholyke

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Doctrine," 1558; Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essayes," 1603; the Second Folio Shakespeare, and two letters of Horace Walpole.

Bernard Quaritch (11, Grafton-Street, London, W) has just brought out a "Catalogue of a Most Important Collection of Publications of the Aldine Press, 1494-1595," which is, in itself, a genuine contribution to Aldine bibliography. During the existence of this press, 840 editions were issued, of which the Quaritch catalogue lists in chronological order 538, with the addition of nineteen of the counterfeit editions produced, for the most part, at Lyons. Many of the rarest issues are present in this catalogue; ten of the volumes are printed on vellum, while eleven are on large paper. The greater portion of the collection came from the library of Lord Powis which was sold at Sotheby's in March, 1923; it has been enlarged by other purchases, especially by those from the library of Sir George Holford. The volumes printed on vellum are among the rarest; these include the Horace of 1501; the Martial "Epigrammata" of the same year; the Ovid "Fastorum Libri," 1502-1503; the Cicero "Epistolæ Familiares," 1502; Dante's "Le Terza Rime," 1502, the printed title-page of which has been replaced by two leaves with three full-page illuminations; Homer's "Odyssey," 1504, the Renouard-Vernon-Holford copy; and Petrarch's "Sonetti e Canzoni," 1514.

G. M. T.

Longmans, Green & Company announce the award of the $2,000 prize in their Juvenile Fiction Contest to Charles J. Finger, for his book, "Courageous Companions." This is the story of an English lad who sailed with Magellan, filled with action and based on historical records of Magellan's cruise.

The judges were Dorothy Canfield, May Lamberton Becker, and Padraic Colum; the story was specified to be "any original unpublished story in English, suitable for boys or girls from twelve to sixteen, with no limitation on plot, title, or style."

It will be remembered that Mr. Finger won the Newberry medal awarded by the American Library Association in 1924 for his "Tales from Silver Lands," a collection of South American folk tales.

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WOODROW WILSON, MESSAGES and Papers, 1,250 pages, two volumes, $2; Woodrow Wilson as President, Brooks, 572 pages, $1, both $2.50, postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, Washington.

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The symbol of THE INNER SANCTUM, *from an etching presented to the publishers by* WILL DURANT

When catalogues come can Spring be far behind?

Twice a year *The Inner Sanctum* unfurls its seasonal banner, proclaims the books about to be published, and makes clear the actual behavior of those three black little paragraph ornaments.

Hence the enlarged figure at the top of this column. Readers can now see for themselves that these miniatures are NOT

a—*Three* JOHN BARRYMORES *at Helsingfors*
b—*Three whoopee-rollers in action*
c—*Three dancing figures bestriding the battlements*
d—*Three young blades sowing their wild oats*

Further details will be supplied in *The Inner Sanctum's* new Spring Catalogue, just off press. It will be sent with the compliments and hosannahs of the three planters to all readers addressing their inquiries to *The Inner Sanctum*, Dept. B, 37 West 57th St., New York City.

The publication program for Spring 1929 embraces books by

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For sheer editorial "IT", literary stingo, enduring merit, and best-seller flare, *The Inner Sanctum* honestly believes this is by all odds its most exciting catalogue to-date. It contains thirty-two pages and is absolutely free.

A few weeks ago *The Inner Sanctum* hazarded the opinion that the eternal triangle becomes infinitely more intriguing [*literally*] when it becomes a parallelogram. That was the big idea of a new novel by Miss JEAN RHYS, entitled *Quartet*, and it is now your correspondent's happy duty to report that the clientele are eagerly responding to this new doctrine of amatory mathematics.

Quartet, in other words, is beginning to move. Re-orders are brisk, reviews are sanguine, comparisons with *The Sun Also Rises* are frequent, and everybody seems happy except two old friends of *The Inner Sanctum*, whosquirmed at the blurb, characterizing *Quartet* as a "brilliant novel of the game of adultery in the Latin Quarter of Paris"

Quartet has another claim to fame. It enabled *The Inner Sanctum* to write seven-eighths of a column without boasting about the best-seller performance of *The Art of Thinking* and *Believe It Or Not!*

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THE PHOENIX NEST

TEN days from now the Oxford University Press is sponsoring a lecture by *C. Leonard Woolley* at the Plaza Hotel on the Excavations at Ur of the Chaldees and their relation to the old testament. Dr. Woolley wrote "The Sumerians." We asked someone if he knew about Ur and he just replied "Ur, ur,—" But if the idea of Ur gets you all steamed up you ought to enjoy the lecture. . . .

A book that ought to be rather amusing is "Pilloried," by *Sewell Stokes*, impertinent interviews with such well-known people as *Rebecca West* ("Panther"), *Somerset Maugham*, *Ellen Terry* at Jasmine Cottage, *Lady Astor*, and so on. It is brought out by Appleton. . . .

W. W. Norton and Company have just published *Bertrand Russell's* "Our Knowledge of the External World." If you crash on *Eddington* you might take up Russell. We are having a go at Eddington now and so far we have reached "Go Back and start all Over Again" no less than six times. . . .

We see that *Walter Millis*, now of the *Herald Tribune*, and erst of the *Baltimore News* and the *New York Sun*—(to say nothing of his being of the era at Yale featuring *Thornton Wilder*, *Philip Barry*, *Stephen Vincent Benét*, *Cyril Hume*, and *John Farrar*), has now launched his first novel "Sand Castle," which was begun during a vacation in the Balearic Islands. His room opened upon the quay through large Spanish windows, and an admiring populace used to gather outside to listen to his typewriter. He is published by Houghton Mifflin. . . .

"Days of Fear," by *Frank Gallagher* is the best book that has come out of Ireland this year, the story of a hunger-striker, written with great power and called by "Æ" a wonderful volume. Harper's are the publishers over here. . . .

Name twelve bad men! Whom would you pick? *Sidney Dark*, who has written on the Renaissance and *Queen Elizabeth*, selects the following out of history for his biographical volume, "Twelve Bad Men," —*Louis XI*, *Cesare Borgia*, *Cellini*, *Thomas Cromwell*, *Mazarin*, *Judge Jeffreys*, *Marlborough*, *Frederick the Great*, *Casanova*, *Talleyrand*, *Fouché*, and *Robespierre*. The book comes from T. Y. Crowell. . . .

Ernest Booth, who has written "Stealing Through Life," supported himself in high school days in Seattle by robbing houses in that city and nearby towns. He finally served five years in San Quentin. Later he got a life sentence at Folsom Prison, escaped, broke both legs, was recaptured, and at San Quentin became a member of a group of five prisoners who developed literary ambitions. He has of late completed another book which will probably also be published by Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher of the present volume. . . .

Speaking of *Sidney Dark*, above, we forgot to mention that his "*Archbishop Davidson* and the English Church," has recently been brought out by William Morrow and Company. He seems to be a most versatile author. . . .

Lee Wilson Dodd has sent in a clipping of the listing of his book in the *Saturday Review* as having a price of twelve dollars. "What Price Glory!" he scribbles below the clipping. The actual price of the book, "The Great Enlightenment," and a darn good book it is too, was merely the usual. . . .

We are glad that Horace Liveright is going to bring out a book of poems by *MacKnight Black*, entitled "Machinery." We have seen some of the poems printed here and there, we believe, or perhaps only accepted in this office. Mr. Black, like the hero of *Eugene O'Neill's* latest play, has always been fascinated by dynamos. He says that this began when he was in service on the transport *Marica*, during the World War, and spent much of his time in the engine room. . . .

Father Will Whalen bobs up again with this good yarn. He syndicated a story recently to help *Dorothea Antel*, the actress with the broken back. He said she had a dream of going to Lourdes and coming back cured. His honest name, Will W. Whalen, was signed to the squib. Recently he received a letter which came originally to Dorothea Antel. "How nice," it cries, "that *Police Commissioner Whalen* takes such an interest in you. Who is Lourdes? He must be some famous physician whom I never heard of." . . . .

Fairfax Downey, known chiefly for his humorous verse, has been working for the past two years on a biography of *Suleyman* the Magnificent, the greatest of the Ottoman rulers. On the 22nd Minton, Balch and Company are bringing out this volume under the title of "The Grande Turke." While on his book Mr. Downey composed a "Battle Chant of the Janissaries," a song which has been set to music for male voices by *Channing Lefèbvre* and published by G. Ricordi & Co. At a recent concert of the University Glee Club in New York the song was an enormous success. . . .

The recent death of *Harvey O'Higgins* marks a tragic loss to American writing. On Horace Liveright's Spring list appears his last book, to be published in June, "Detective Duff Unravels It." . . .

We must also speak with deep sadness of the recent death of *Briton Hadden*, editor of *Time: The Weekly News Magazine*. As the *Saturday Review* at one time shared offices with *Time* all the editors got to know each other well, and the *Saturday Review's* relationship with Mr. Hadden was always most pleasant. He was an intrepid editor and a tremendous worker. He and *Henry Luce* created in a very short time a highly successful periodical, due to unsparing joint efforts. Hadden will be missed by all his friends. . . .

For years we have admired the poems of *Moira O'Neill*,—as who does not remember the beautiful "Songs from the Glens of Antrim." Now comes *Miss M. J. Farrell*, who is the daughter of the poet, with "Young Entry" her first novel. It is a book that was chosen by *Hugh Walpole* as one of the best six first-novels published in England last year. It concerns fox-hunting and romance in Ireland. Henry Holt & Company has it. . . .

We understand that a woman customer was recently examining a copy of *Rachel Annand Taylor's* "Leonardo the Florentine" while a book-clerk sung its praises. "Yes, but who was Leonardo?" asked the customer. The clerk gulped, scanned hastily the fly-leaf of the book, then brightened. "Why," she said, "he was the Florentine." "Oh," said the customer, "then I'll take it.". . .

Recently we viewed at the Art Center the most interesting collection of Hindu paintings brought from India by *Dr. James H. Cousins*, the well-known Irish poet. Some had great beauty of design and color. In another room were exhibited *Clare Leighton's* wood engravings for the limited edition of *Thomas Hardy's* "The Return of the Native," which Harper and Brothers are publishing. Miss Leighton is a distinguished young English artist. *Rockwell Kent* recently bought a whole set of Miss Leighton's engravings. . . .

We wish to state for our youngest daughter that "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo," published by Longmans, Green and Company, was her very favorite book given her at Christmas and that she still keeps taking it up ever and again in a serious way. *John Bennett* please note. . . .

We have begun to hear the most extraordinary rumors about a certain eccentric English peer who started from Scotland to be present at *President Hoover's* inauguration last Monday. He is the *Duke of Flamborough*, and his principal *penchant* seems to be collecting buttons. His life reads like a romance, with Alice in Wonderland touches. Just at present the publishers of his official "Life" are on a still hunt for him, as he has not turned up. We believe he was to land in Canada. Various messages were received from him *en route* but replies sent to the addresses given elicited the information that he was no longer there. It is all quite mysterious; and there have been other developments in the case. We have looked into the Life. Verily fact is stranger than fiction! In fact, we have never read anything just like the "Life of H. R. H. the Duke of Flamborough" (Payson & Clarke), with its impressive plush binding and its esoteric button marker. Button, button, who's got the Flamborough! . . . .

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THE SUMERIANS
By C. Leonard Woolley $2.50 net

Everyone who reads his papers has seen in the last few months pictures and articles describing the wonders of the Sumerian Civilization which have been excavated at Ur, the birthplace of Abraham. Mr. Woolley's discoveries have aroused such world-wide interest that he has written "The Sumerians," not for the archæologist and the 'specialist,' but for anybody who was thrilled by the discoveries in the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. The book contains some thirty illustrations.

Readers will be interested to know that Mr. Woolley is a friend of and has dug with Colonel Lawrence of Arabia.

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page 764*)

EARLY DAYS IN OHIO. By FLORENCE M. EVERSON and EFFIE POWER. Dutton. 1928. $2.

This is a picture of pioneer life in that part of the Middle West known as the Western Reserve. A family of seven, leaving the old home in Vermont, travels in a covered wagon to the shore of Lake Erie, where it embarks in a couple of open boats. After several days of sailing and rowing it reaches the village of Cleveland. Here land must be cleared, log houses built, and furniture made. In the activities that follow one has a comprehensive view of primitive life in this country—spinning, soap-making, log-rolling, hunting, boat-sledding, trading with the Indians, and the social diversions which relieved the toilsome days. There is a spice of adventure in the story as well as a great variety of incident and experience. Youthful readers will enjoy the narrative while gaining a knowledge of how people lived in the Middle West a century ago. The book has a few illustrations in black and white by George Richards.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEERS. By WILLIAM MORRISON ROBINSON, JR. Yale University Press. 1928. $4.

Mr. Robinson has made an assiduous and commendable search to recover from newspapers, published records, and manuscript sources an authentic history of the Confederate privateers. Little has been written on this picturesque chapter in the South's struggle for independence, partly because privateering never played a very important part in the fortunes of the Confederacy, and partly because of the fugitive nature of the source material. While the present work is in no sense definitive, as the author admits, it is nevertheless a welcome contribution to the subject.

Most of the chapters deal with the movements and exploits of particular vessels or groups of vessels in certain localities. Individually, most of these accounts are of relatively little importance: the value of the efforts of the privateersmen lay in their collective results. One wishes, therefore, that the work had been less crowded with detail and more emphasis had been laid upon this aspect.

The author shows a wide acquaintance with marine lore, and his writing is well flavored with the vernacular of the sea. It is unfortunate, however, that expressions of Southern prejudice occasionally mar the monograph. To imply that the retention of Federal troops in Fort Sumter and in the Florida forts after South Carolina and Florida had seceded was comparable to the invasion of Belgium by the Germans is novel, to say the least.

THE FOUNDING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By GEORGE C. SELLERY and A. C. KREY. Harpers. 1929. $5.

The authors of this book are both experienced teachers of history and their present volume seems admirably adapted to the purpose of the usual college survey course. Of the five hundred and eighty pages of text, only about the first hundred are devoted to the period 312 to 1100 A. D.; nearly twice as much to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, much space being given to social, artistic, and intellectual development; a hundred more to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries lumped together, and the remainder to the sixteenth and seventeenth. The authors have sought to include the results of the latest researches and the newest points of view, and to emphasize social, economic, literary, and intellectual history without sacrificing the usual skeleton of political events. It is a heroic effort of compression, not entirely successful. The style is dry; the observations necessarily superficial. Three paragraphs on Shakespeare and two on Cervantes is either too much or too little. But the outline is there and the purpose is suggestive; that is all that can reasonably be hoped of a text book. The volume is expertly indexed, profusely illustrated with well chosen reproductions, many from medieval manuscripts, and provided with adequate maps and a valuable selected bibliography.

Science

OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS. By HERDMAN FITZGERALD CLELAND. Coward-McCann. New York: 1928.

Thirty years ago the appearance of a book on prehistoric man was a rare occurrence even in any language. At present several books in English alone on this subject are issued annually—some in England and some in America. The work under consideration does not differ materially from other good recent books. It covers the whole European field. The treatment of the Paleolithic Period is relatively brief, covering only fifty-six pages. One hundred and thirty-two pages are devoted to the Neolithic Period, sixty-six to the Bronze Age, and about the same space to the Iron Age. There is an ample bibliography and at the end a glossary.

The author already had to his credit two books on geology, which would account for his interest and grasp of the subject of fossil man. Both he and Mrs. Cleland were students of the American School of Prehistoric Research in 1924 and later spent a year in Europe perfecting themselves in the field of prehistory. The book is therefore based largely on knowledge obtained first hand or through direct contact with those whose business it was to gather first-hand knowledge. The result is, in consequence, a work that might be placed equally well in the hands of the amateur and the serious student.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE. By M. K. WISEHART. Century. 1928. $2.50.

This is a book of science up to the minute and written so that it reads like a novel. We sat down to browse through it and read it from cover to cover. The author, a journalist, novelist, and scientist, has taken a difficult task upon himself—translating into a readable book deeply technical scientific discoveries, and so well has he done it that the most "lay" of laymen will follow its fascinating disclosures with eager mind and will feel well repaid for his time. Mr. Wisehart has used great care in avoiding time-worn examples of the application of modern scientific practices, and lets us see how the microscope helps the business man, and the X-ray the builder and shoe clerk; he tells us the story of aluminum, made possible for use in your kitchen by a boy twenty-two years old working in his kitchen, and dozens of other romances of Science. "The Marvels of Science" will interest anyone from fifteen to a hundred and fifteen years old, whether he be student, business man, or scientist.

THE PAGEANT OF THE STARS. By *William J. Luyten*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

LIFE IN INLAND WATERS. By *Kathleen R. Carpenter*. Macmillan. $4.50.

THE GOD OF SCIENCE. By *Arvid Reuterdahl*. Minneapolis: Arya Co.

THE BEGINNING OF MAN. By *E. O. James*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE SUN. By *Charles G. Abbot*. Appleton. $3.50.

Travel

WINGED SANDALS. By LUCIEN PRICE. Illustrated. Little, Brown. 1928.

Take a passionate pilgrim of forty with a sensitive and richly stored mind and a ready pen making a first trip through Europe, and you have a basis for an unusual book of travel. Some years ago Mr. Dreiser did something of this sort, but his mind was not richly stored for the purpose in hand. Mr. Price's converse has been with great books and great music, and the major part of his book records vivid musical and literary evocations as he viewed scenes about which he had long ago read. Thus the ordinary travel notes from Paris to Athens, across Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are merely a sort of comic relief, excellent in its sort, for a book generally lyrical in tone and very serious. It is a book rather of recognition and confirmation than of discovery. It is less the oddness of "abroad" that strikes the author than the fact that Europe is merely an old home for every cultured American. Mr. Price hoists his banner in the preface:

"America, we are often told, has no traditional folklore—that rich Mother Earth out of which great art springs. My idea is that the whole of European history and culture is America's heritage. We derive from it. Let us claim our heritage."

Mr. Price's pages are carried off with a buoyant eloquence and a contagious enthusiasm. One reads his book with profit and with delight.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 55. We printed last week some of the outstanding entries submitted in Competition No. 52 which offered a fifteen dollar prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." The winning poem, incidentally, has already been chosen and is included among them. A further prize of fifteen dollars is now offered for the best critical review of these poems. This must not exceed 400 words exclusive of quotations. Competitors are required to choose their own prizewinner and discuss the remaining poems in order of merit as far as possible. The authors of the poems are not debarred from participation in this contest. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 25.)

The Washington Conference and After

By YAMATO ICHIHASHI

AN historical survey of the matters discussed and achievements made by the Washington Conference of 1921. The author, as secretary and interpreter to the late Viscount Kato of Japan, was present at all sessions of the conference, both open and private. Only two other living men, Balfour and Hughes, know as well the inside story of this "great diplomatic adventure."

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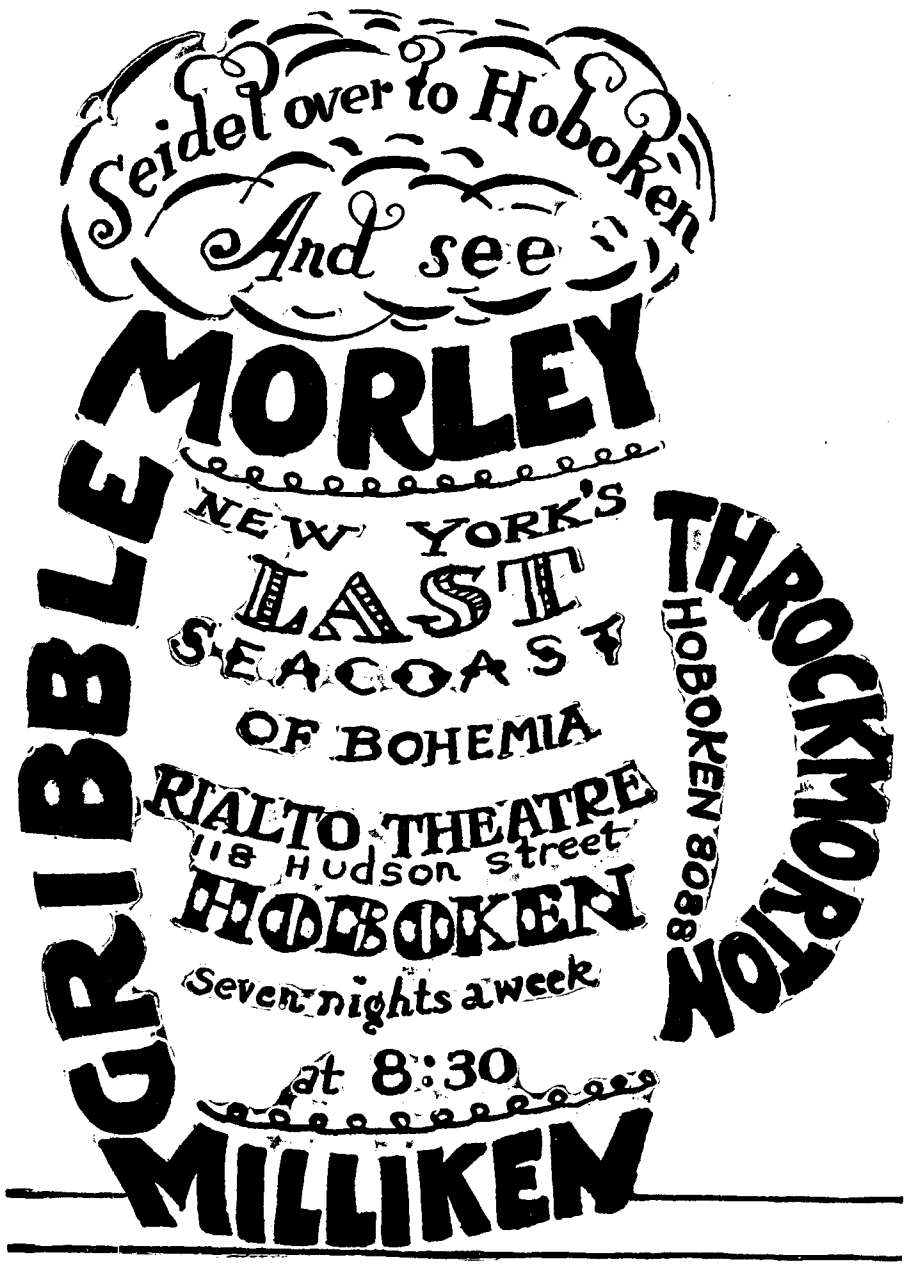

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A Seafarin' Girl Tells All

JOAN LOWELL, *whose story "The Cradle of the Deep," has just been chosen as the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club by its Editorial Board.*

AT THE AGE of eleven months JOAN LOWELL went down to the sea in ships . . . Sprung from the Lowells of Boston on one side of her family, and on the other from a line of Levantine sailing-masters, she weighed exactly eleven pounds when carried aboard the four-masted windjammer *Minnie A. Caine*, a copra-trading schooner plying the South Seas.

The only girl aboard, Joan stayed there seventeen years . . . weather-beaten years, roaming years, years spent in strange ports beneath the Southern Cross, seventeen years without shoes and stockings.

When Joan was two years old she could hold on to the poopdeck and say "god-damned wind." She learned to hand, reef and steer, to spit a curve in the wind, and to outswear the most blasphemous able-bodied seaman on board.

A bucko captain and his Bible charted for her the mysteries of sex. The first fish she caught was responsible for the first kiss she got—from square-head Swenson. She learned about women from sharks and whales. She learned about love from blue-eyed Swedes, gloriously tattooed. She learned about death from storms and mutiny.

Before she knew the English alphabet, Joan learned South Sea dialects galore—and witnessed tribal festivals on savage islands. She traded calico and soap for sandalwood, ivory, feathers and tortoise-shell inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A lady of joy from Brisbane, Australia, told her she was a bloody pretty kid, causing a barroom brawl between Joan and the cargo tally man.

Giant white icebergs . . . A female-struck madman on a lonely Guano reef . . . A game of strip poker on the fo'c's'le . . . An operation at sea performed with a razor and a belaying pin . . .

Joan saw the Dance of the Virgins on Atafu and learned that the ukulele was introduced to the South Seas by a Harvard boy. But the Dance put strange ideas into Joan's mind . . . And into the mind of Nelson, able-bodied seaman, even stranger ones . . . with all of it ending when the *Minnie A. Caine* sailed into her last anchorage.

One night in New York, after adventures equally exciting ashore, JOAN LOWELL related some of her experiences to a few friends. Completely entranced, they asked her why she had never written them down. She replied that she didn't know enough words. They told her to write as she spoke —*to tell all.*

THUS came into being Joan Lowell's own story. The publishers sent the manuscript to noted men of the sea and equally noted men of letters. "One has the impression," wrote back WILLIAM MCFEE, "of a breathless girl blurting it out in order to explain a pardonable but very astounding past. There is a warm rumbustious sincerity in her story which engages our affections. The thing is all of a piece and all too short . . . I had to keep on with it till I finished it during the small hours of this morning."

"There is nothing to do," said HEYWOOD BROUN in the advance report about Joan's book to the 100,000 members of the Book-of-the-Month Club, "but to fall back on the old helpless cry of the truly fascinated—*'Read it yourself, read it yourself!'*"

"I have just finished reading JOAN LOWELL'S log of her life at sea," wrote CAPTAIN FELIX REISENBERG in a letter to the publishers, "and it is a fascinating thing; the first time I have read a book by a woman that renders the honest blasphemy of the sea in its own authentic way. She has set down the clean reality of the vital facts of life with the refreshing restraint of truth. She has told a story as remarkable as anything that has come out of the sea." . . . . .

Resulting in this unparalleled, unghostwritten yarn, the March "Book-of-the-Month", a best-seller of the first water, published by* SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *discussed in 100,000 American homes, illustrated by* KURT WIESE *and sold at all bookstores for $2.75—

The CRADLE of the DEEP

by JOAN LOWELL

© Maurice Goldberg

A recent camera portrait of JOAN LOWELL

to THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
Publishers, 37 W. 57th Street, *New York*

1-1

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